

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER, 1844.

## BOSTON AND BUNKER HILL.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"BOSTON is situated at the head of Massachusetts Bay, on a peninsula, about four miles in circumference, and is about three miles in length, and one mile and twenty-five rods, where widest, in breadth, and is connected with the main land at the south end, by a narrow isthmus called the Neck, leading to Roxbury. The town is built in an irregular circular form round the harbor, which is studded with about forty small islands, many of which afford most excellent pasture, and are frequented in summer by numerous parties of pleasure. The harbor is formed by Nahant Point on the north and Point Alderton on the south, and is so capacious as to allow five hundred vessels to ride at anchor, in a good depth of water, while the entrance is so narrow as scarcely to admit two ships abreast. The entrance is defended by Fort Independence, belonging to the United States, on Castle Garden, and by Fort Warren on Governor's Island. There is another fort, called Fort Strong, on Noodle's Island."

Boston is the Athens of America. Its public libraries are numerous and valuable—containing, with the Boston Atheneum, about one hundred thousand volumes. Harvard College is in its immediate neighborhood, and is the best endowed institution in the United States. The classical and common schools are of the first order. It is estimated that about one-fourth of the entire population are kept at school during the year, at an expense of \$200,000. Its publications vie with those of the old world. Boston is distinguished for its liberality; perhaps there is no city in the world more celebrated for its munificence—none in which literary, or charitable, or religious institutions are fostered with so much zeal and pleasure. There are one hundred and six literary and charitable societies, among which are, the American Academy of Arts and Science, and the Boston Society of Natural History. The city has great commercial facilities, and is rapidly rising in importance. The tonnage of the port is exceeded by that of no American port, except New York. The foreign imports are \$17,000,000 annually, the exports \$10,000,000; the coastwise trade is much larger than the foreign. Boston is crowded with the most interesting historical associations. It was here the declaration, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," was first made. This, in the language of President

Adams, "was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain." It was here that the Stamp Act was first resisted, and the "Boston Massacre" occurred—and here, too, the chests of tea were thrown overboard from the India ships, in testimony of the public indignation at the Boston Port Bill. In the immediate neighborhood was fought the battle of Bunker Hill, which was the first trial of American arms, and the first effective indication to Great Britain that her American colonies were competent to achieve their independence. In this engagement the American loss was one hundred and forty-five killed and missing, and three hundred and four wounded; and the British loss was two hundred and twenty-six killed and eight hundred and twenty-eight wounded. In the subsequent year the Americans, under Washington, took possession of Dorchester Heights, compelling the British, ten thousand strong, to evacuate Boston, leaving behind them stores to the value of £30,000.

This movement was one of Washington's most masterly strokes of generalship. For some time after the battle of Bunker Hill, both armies remained inactive—General Washington occupying both sides of Charles River, and the British amusing themselves in the town. General W. had long desired to attack Boston, but could not gain the acquiescence of his officers. At length he determined to take Dorchester Heights, with a view, doubtless, to bring on a general engagement. To divert the attention of the garrison, he bombarded the town several days from his camp, and on the night of the 4th of March, 1777, he lodged a detachment on the Heights, and commenced erecting an entrenchment. Though the ground was frozen very hard, he succeeded in erecting a temporary bulwark, which, looming upon the eye of the British general through the morning mist, excited his astonishment and consternation. He, however, determined to attack the Americans, but a tremendous storm interfering with his operations, he called a council of war, which concluded to evacuate.

The monument in the back-ground of the engraving, in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill, need hardly be described, as every thing in relation to it is fresh in the recollection of Americans. The good taste of New England is shown, in the fact that it has no inscription. It will need none so long as the American name is known. May veneration of the illustrious dead, in which it originated, ever animate our hearts!

Original.

## A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

BY THE EDITOR.

READER, did you ever sail the Potomac in the spring? Is it not beautiful? On a lovely morning in April I started with my friend P. from my lodgings in Washington to visit the tomb of the father of his country. We were soon seated on the deck of a comfortable steamer. The orb of day looked down from a cloudless sky, the fragrant breezes gently fanned, the birds sung their morning song, and the green banks seemed to look up and smile at the sun as he poured his warm beams into their beautiful bosoms. Reader, I am no poet; but I really think that I felt that morning a little poetic inspiration. How lovely is this world! How worthy to be the abode of a noble and holy being! How good is the Almighty! Whose heart does not inquire within him, what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me? If this sinful earth be thus charming, what must heaven be?

Before the vessel left port three respectable looking gentlemen stepped on board, and soon joined us on the upper deck. Whether by instinct, accident, the play of moral affinities, the operation of magnetic influence, or some other cause, I pretend not to say; but thus it was—we all became acquainted in about two minutes. The strangers, like ourselves, were from the Buckeye state: two members of the House of Representatives of the United States, and the third late a member of the state Senate. Mr. X., having been many years a member, and being acquainted with the locality, served us as guide, pointing out the Navy-yard, and other objects of interest, as we descended the stream. Arriving at Alexandria, we found carriages ready to receive us, and were soon on our way. As we rode through the city we could not but observe that though it had some good buildings, and appeared to be well sustained by its flour trade, it was, nevertheless, rather shabby in appearance.

After a pleasant ride of five or six miles over a rough road, we arrived at the Washington estate, which, I believe, contains about three thousand acres of land, and is in possession of a distant relative of General Washington. In all my excursions through this region I was surprised at the condition of the farms. Much of the land appears worn out and abandoned, and that which is cultivated seems poorly attended to. If it were in the hands of Pennsylvania and Ohio farmers, would it not soon be reclaimed? Its vicinity to the great cities ought, in my humble opinion, to prevent its abandonment, unless it be much poorer than I suppose. At the outer inclosure an old negro woman stood to turn the gate on its hinges for the sake of our

metallic tribute of thanks. On leaving the carriage, our first object was to see the tomb. Looking through the railing of an open vault, we saw the sepulchre which contains the remains of George and Martha Washington. Adjoining was a closed vault, which we were informed contained the remains of about fifty of the distant connections of the great and good man. We found masons engaged in adding another slab to the number already there, in commemoration of a grand-niece of the illustrious soldier, who died in the prime of life, and shortly after her marriage to a gentleman of New Orleans. I have never been so forcibly reminded of the Latin lamentation, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," as when standing on this hallowed spot.

I have often thought that it was well for Washington that he had no descendants. Had he left children, possessed of his powers, they would have constituted a kind of aristocracy. Had he left a family of a different description, they would have diminished the veneration which the nation spontaneously accords to his name. There seems to have been a happy providence also in the period of Washington's death. Did he not close his eyes at the time best for his own fame?

Leaving the vault, we strolled about the woods and fields, and at length came round to the house. This is by no means an elegant structure, but it is spacious and well arranged. In the hall hangs the key of the Bastille of Paris, (a prison-house of centuries,) which, if I mistake not, was demolished during the French Revolution in 1789. This relic (the key) was presented to Washington by his friend Lafayette. In the dining-room is a beautiful marble mantel, on which is represented, in mezzo-relievo, a charming rural scene. I felt a kind of superstitious reverence as I dropped down into the old arm-chair. But I must not attempt to describe what doubtless has been painted a thousand times by much more happy pens than mine.

From the house we passed to the garden. This is inclosed by a brick wall, built under the direction of Washington himself, and is tastefully laid out in various geometrical figures, all bordered with box-wood. Within these beds are flowers of almost every description, many of which are in bloom in the month of April. The gardener, a good-natured, modest, but talkative old man, took great pains, and pleasure, too, in showing every interesting object, and letting us into the domestic history of the General. "Do you see that wall? well, the General built that. Do you see these beds? well, the old General wrote to king of Germany for a gardener." \* \* \* But why should I narrate the conversation of the old man, since a hearsay of a hearsay has no authority in law, and since the witness is yet alive, (I suppose,) and you may consult him for yourself.



The gardener appeared to be as much interested in us as we in him. When he led us to the greenhouse, and showed us the orange, lemon, and other trees loaded with fruit, besides various rare shrubs, among them an aloe fifty years old, he very gently intimated to us that gentlemen and ladies could be accommodated with oranges or lemons at a shilling apiece, and that they could be taken (if green) to our wives and daughters, and, moreover, that they would perfume our trunks on our journey and our bureaux after we returned home. The old orator! he knew just when to strike the wanderer's heart. Having provided ourselves with green limes, oranges, and lemons for our wives and daughters, as mementoes of the father of his country, and having sealed up the fountain which the impudent gardener had dared to unseal, we passed out.

As we left the garden, we passed a hut, white-washed and apparently clean and comfortable, on the door-way of which squatted "one of God's images cut in ebony." Time had wrinkled her cheeks, and frosted her temples, and chilled her blood, and palsied her limbs, and put out her eyes. She was one of the most wretched looking objects I ever beheld. Her arms were like drum-sticks, her whole frame like a skeleton covered with skin, and her face destitute of expression—a mere blank; or, as Mrs. Royal said of Dr. C.'s, "like the butt-end of a log of wood." By an invisible attraction, and without any consultation, we were drawn in a semicircle around the old woman, when the following colloquy occurred:

Mr. X. "Old woman, did you know General Washington?"

Negro. "Yes, sir, I knew him well."

Mr. X. "How old are you?"

Negro. "I don't know my age; but I was a smart girl at the time of Braddock's defeat."

Mr. X. "Have you any children?"

Negro. "Yes; but they are all down the river."

The old woman now turned querist, and raising her drooping head, she said, with a firm voice and a deep solemnity and interest, "Are any of you soldiers of Christ?" There was silence in heaven. That must have been a still silence. Well, the silence which ensued reminded me of it. One looked at another for an answer. At length Mr. Y. replied, with evident and perplexing embarrassment, "We don't know." As he stammered out his reply, I thought of King Agrippa before Paul. Mr. Y. is an intelligent, amiable, honorable man; but he stands confused before old Quashee. "O, yes," rejoined the old woman, with a voice of commanding tones and flute-like melody, "O, yes, if you are soldiers of Christ you *know* it. The Lord does not do his work so poorly that his creatures don't know when it is done!" Another dead pause, and more embarrassment, increased by

mutual sympathy. The old woman, as she waited for an answer, seemed to assume a new appearance. Her ebony countenance beamed with penetrating intelligence and Christian sympathy. I understood Solomon's declaration, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine." My heart, as I gazed upon her, whispered, "Glory to God!" and I verily believed had my companions been "cedars of Lebanon," I should have tried a shout. Brother P. was the first to break the silence by saying to me, "Brother T., that is good doctrine."

Mr. X. "Old woman, are you blind?"

Now he need not have asked this question. She had no eyes. Turning her sightless eyeballs toward heaven, she exclaimed, with emphasis, "No, blessed be God! though I am blind to the things of this world, I am *not blind* to the things of the Spirit."

Methought the old woman's soul sustained the same relation to the world that her body did to her cottage. She was sitting at its door-way, her spirit's feet already resting upon the green of heaven, and her soul's eyes opening on its rainbow hues.

Mr. X. "Old woman, you are very old, and must soon die."

Negro. "Yes, blessed be God!"

Mr. X. "Well, you are old, and sickly, and feeble, and blind, and your children are gone, and you are a slave. I should think that, with your hopes of heaven, death would be desirable. Are you not anxious to die?"

Negro. "C, no, I wait God's time: I learn to suffer as well as do his will. I shall gladly go when he calls for me."

Mr. X. "What Church do you belong to?"

Negro. "In the language of this world, I belong to the Baptist Church; but when we get to heaven, I suppose my answer will be, I am a member of the Church of Christ."

Now, when you talk of moral sublimity, don't point to Alexander conquering the world, to Hannibal surmounting the Alps, to Caesar crossing the Rubicon, to Wolfe dying in the arms of victory, to Lawrence wrapping himself in the American flag, and crying, "Don't give up the ship!" Here is a specimen of moral sublimity far superior to all that was ever exhibited upon earth's battle-fields—a poor, old, blind, diseased slave, sitting upon the rock of truth, while the waves of affliction dash in mountains at her feet; yet, looking up into heaven, and clinging to some beautiful promise, she gives glory to God, and smiles upon the world.

We departed silently from the old saint. I said within myself, as I took my place in the carriage, "This, blessed Christianity, is thy triumph. Philosophy may teach man to endure excruciating torment without a murmur: it belongs to the Gospel alone to teach him to rejoice in his affliction."

Original.

## PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Most individuals, we presume, acknowledge the importance of correct views in regard to the doctrines and precepts of religion. Such views lie at the foundation of all that is good in life and character. Some truths there may be, concerning which a mistake does not result in fundamental error; yet there are others that enter into the very soul of piety, *any* misconceptions as to which must be productive of consequences the most lamentable. Else why has God seen fit to make unto man a revelation of his will? If religion consist *exclusively* in leading an honest life, and in discharging those duties which grow out of our social relations, the Bible can be dispensed with, as being in itself but little superior to some other code of morality. But if it teach love toward God as well as toward man—if it inculcate the *principles* of righteousness, peace, and holiness—if it open up the way by which salvation and eternal life can be attained—then it would be as absurd for us to expect to live holy, while indifferent to its teachings, as for an individual to attempt to guide a vessel across the ocean, while he contemned the use of chart and compass, and was ignorant of the first principles of navigation; or to determine the orbits and to measure the distances of the planets and fixed stars, while he is incredulous in regard to the truths of mathematics.

Still, correct opinions are comparatively of little importance, unless permitted to exercise their legitimate influence in forming and elevating the character. We may have speculative belief without a particle of vital godliness; we may have every thing that Pharisaism and Sadducism enjoin; we may live peaceably and deal equitably with mankind; we may have "all faith and all knowledge;" we may be unswerving in our maintenance of the truth, and able at all times to confound gainsayers, and yet, if there be in all this nothing but the desire to appear well before men, our character, in the sight of heaven, will not be far removed from that of the unbeliever and hypocrite. We may seem Christians, and it is possible to succeed in deluding ourselves into the belief that we *are* such; but the hour of affliction, the hour of death, and above all, the light of eternity, will prove that our professions have been in vain, and that our religion has been nothing but a scheme of the intellect—an inefficient, unsustaining, worthless principle.

It is a sentiment somewhat current in modern times, that religion consists in the susceptibility of a warm glow of feeling, in the power to weep profusely under the preaching of the Gospel, and in the faculty to discourse fervently respecting the state, the rise and fall, or the fluctuations of piety among surrounding friends and neighbors. Enter-tainers of such doctrine generally are indifferent to

the every-day duties of the Christian life: because these duties, in their estimation, are among the less weighty matters of the law. There is another school, which denies the necessity of having the heart engaged in religious concerns, yet demands acts of justice and mercy. Its advocates are regarded, and very properly too, as those who have the form of godliness without its power. Both views, in part, we doubt not, the reader will discover to be incorrect. *Action is required to accompany feeling.* The affections and the outward conduct alike must be controlled. We are to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our strength, and our neighbor as ourselves. It is not enough simply to assent to the Divine origin of Christianity, and occasionally to observe its injunctions; nor is it enough for us to believe that God is: we must believe that he is a rewarder of all those that diligently seek him. Our belief must have such an influence over us as to produce *holy* affections; and these affections, in turn, must lead to a holy life. Any thing short of this is, as we have already intimated, religion only *in part*—a species which, whatever may be its assurances, can never secure acceptance with God.

Practical religion, to employ a metaphor, is a deep river, unaffected by temporary rains—ever flowing and ever full, having its rise in the great fountain, God, and partaking, to some extent at least, of his purity and unchangeableness. It is not at one time a torrent, leaping wildly from the mountain's brow, tearing up and merging every thing in its course, and anon becoming a rivulet, with so scanty a supply of water as to seem almost dried up at its head. It is the quickening power, planted amidst the sensibilities of our nature by the Holy Spirit. It is the source, the only source, whence flows all true joy. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away; the breath of human applause is fitful and delusory, changing oftentimes into the blight of slander; worldly pleasure terminates in bitterness and disappointment:

"Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits:  
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height,  
But downward as the blaze declining spreads,  
The dwarfish shadow to a giant grows."

It is not thus with religion. Let the change of external circumstances be what it may, let the fate of our possessions be what it will, this still abides with us. As the Psalmist said, so may the Christian say, "In the time of trouble the Lord shall hide me in his pavilion—in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock. Mine head shall be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of *joy*; I will sing, yea I will sing *praises* unto the Lord."



There are two distinct views which may be taken of the subject of practical religion, as it stands connected with the trials of life—as *triumphing over them*, and as *being advanced by them*. The experience of every individual living, affords ample and irrefutable testimony that this world is a vale of tears. It is possible, indeed, to find those who for ever seem to wear the smile of joy and gladness; yet the heart may be full of grief and mourning. Few, very few, escape being buffeted with adversity's blast; and fewer still, we may add, can withstand its shocks, unless supported by the Divine influence of religion. Let wealth depart; let poverty, with its train of evils, come; let detraction point its arrows at the blameless breast; let sickness steal away the hue of health, and stamp upon the cheek the look of death; let one or all of these calamities come upon the Christian, and he will meet them in unruffled serenity and triumph. Like the rock in the raging current, with sunshine ever on its brow, so stands the witness for God in the evil day: his heart full of peace in Christ, when all without is tribulation and gloom; his spirit mourning more for the sins it has committed, than for the outward sorrows it endures; himself more concerned about having his crosses sanctified, than about having them removed; and turning his tranquil eye unto Him who doeth all things well, he says, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are just, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Not only, however, does religion enable us to overcome the trials of life, but the varied principles of the Christian character are developed and strengthened by them. Nothing, in fact, is so well adapted to purify and brighten the graces bestowed by the Spirit, as the furnace of affliction. And hence, as the pious Leigh Richmond remarks, we look for the noblest specimens of Christian attainment, not among those who have always been surrounded by the sunshine of prosperity, but among those who have had to struggle hard with the world. Every Christian who has been severely tried, may, and ought to be, the better for it; and if he be not so, we do not say that he may not be saved, but let him take heed lest it should be so as by fire.

It is at the close of life that religion exhibits a still more glorious triumph. Death, with great propriety, has been termed "the king of terrors." There is something inconceivably awful, in standing on the shore of time and endeavoring to penetrate the veiled certainties of eternity. We look backward on life: it is but a shadow, a dream, a vapor; yet it has been the source of countless joys—of ten thousand delightful recollections. Many have been our friends—many our associations—but now we are to bid them all adieu, and must know

"And feel, alas! that tears are vain,  
That death nor heeds nor hears distress;

Yet still our trembling hearts complain,  
Nor will we mourn one moment less."

In the hour of death nothing but religion can hush the voice of grief and check the tide of woe—nothing but it can irradiate the darkness of the tomb, and open up the vista to everlasting life.

But the highest triumph of religion is in eternity. The religion which we here enjoy is but the prelude of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which is in reversion for the faithful at God's right hand. In the present life we know only in part; in the future life we shall know even as we are known. *Here* we are often called to weep, but *there*, "to dim the radiant scene, the tear of sorrow never flows." *There* there is no more curse, neither pain nor death. *There*, with the ransomed of the Lord, shall we, if counted worthy, return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads; we shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. *Here* our converse with friends is short, and embittered with the thoughts of disunion; but *there* we shall form friendships that shall never be riven—there we shall be with an innumerable company of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect—and *there*, unto Him that loved us and gave himself for us, will we sing "Hallelujah, and power and dominion for ever." Yes, and more than this,

"There we shall see our Father's face,  
And never, never sin:  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in."

H.

Original.

## THE SPIRITUAL MARINER.

BY D. WELBURN.

THROWN upon the ocean of existence, without his own counsel or consent, man becomes the sport and prey of a thousand dangers. Though the voyage of life is to make, and the port of endless bliss to gain, he, in blindness and folly, trusts all his treasures and confides his every hope to the frail bark of human expectation. With nothing but the weaker than waxen cement of mortality, to protect him from instant and remediless ruin, he smiles at the gloom which gathers over his destiny, and fondly dreams of smoother seas, softer gales, and fairer skies. Roused from his fancied security by the thunders of Divine justice, all seems lost: for the vivid flashes of wrath discover the yawning waves of despair, and reveal to the wretched voyager all the horrors of his desperate situation. In the darkness and distress of that melancholy hour, he turns his anxious eye to catch some gleam of light from the far off regions of unfading day. But,

alas! in vain. Another moment, and his every hope is lost—he sinks to rise no more. When, far in the distance, a speck upon the ocean appears: it draws nearer and nearer—and the life-boat of the Gospel, with the Savior of sinners at the helm, wafted onward by the gales of grace, approaches the miserable wreck. The silver trumpet is heard in heaven's own accents, proclaiming, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. Whosoever will, let him come." And while the ladder of Gospel promises is suspended, Jesus extends the help of his Spirit. But the weary wanderer, paralyzed with fear, seeing the step is so long, dreads to make the effort necessary to secure his salvation. He estimates the probabilities of safety by other means, until learning that "there is no other name given under heaven, among men, whereby we may be saved," he casts his cares on Jesus, and one step of obedient confidence lodges him safely in the arms of his adorable deliverer. Now, though storms may howl and waves beat high, the voice of the celestial Pilot is heard saying, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." Though rough the passage, the coasts of glory soon heave in view. The tall spires and glittering domes of the heavenly Jerusalem are seen through the telescope of faith: the anchor of hope is cast within the vale. One wave of death—one gale of love—and the port of peace is gained—the weather-beaten mariner is landed in the haven of eternal repose:

"There all the ship's company meet,  
Who sailed with the Savior beneath;  
With shoutings each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er sorrow and death.  
The voyage of life's at an end,  
The mortal affliction is past."

From the Mother's Assistant.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY J. E. SANBORN.

I DREAMED. I saw an infant's lovely form,  
And from his mother's smile, and tender kiss,  
So full of love, he drank deep draughts of bliss.  
But soon the tide of life and manhood's storm  
Came bursting on his noble soul. An hour  
It was deeply to feel, and try, and prove,  
The hallowed impulse of a mother's love.  
Temptations dark came o'er him. But the power  
That lived in her mild words, and her meek eye,  
Had snatched his soul from crime and shame.  
The gloom  
Of age came o'er him. And anon the tomb  
Called for its prey. He went, prepared to die.  
  
The moral is, prize well a mother's love,  
It tells of joys on earth, and joys above.

Original.

#### MINOR MORALS.

##### CHAPTER II.

FROM the side-walk our youthful reader proceeds probably to the door, calling to see a friend. Let us be careful even of the manner in which we pull the bell, no less on account of the bell-rope, that it be not done with the startling abruptness of a *roue*, than of our own gentility and propriety. If our acquaintance be not at home, we will quietly place our card in the hand of the waiter and depart. It is best—even most discreet—to send as few *verbal* messages as possible—our pencil and card suffice—and all is done politely—and we have exactly our own words, neither more nor less.

Loud talking and laughter in the street are particularly unbecoming, and out of place. Let your recognition, in look and gesture, be as animated and cordial as you please. The different degrees of acquaintanceship will prescribe their appropriate salutations. But, even with intimates, bandy not familiar words in public, lest some waggish rejoinder, or sympathetic laugh from the crowd, put you to the blush for the freedom you have seemed to invite. And whether this result occur or not, the thing is equally improper. Much laughter and loud talking, or any roistering demonstrations, are improper and ungenteel any where, oppressive to hearers, and positively disrespectful in the presence of elders.

Never, when passed out of the nursery, be betrayed into romping. Even in partaking the lively exercise of the country at picnicks, in playing at battle-door, &c., let decorum preside over your sports. You may still play with gusto and animation without enacting the romp. Especially on the Sabbath, in walking to and from church, do not permit any young companion or irreverent admirer to revert to the amusements of the week, to use light words, or to betray you also into frivolous conversation. Let your silence, and a decided manner, mark your disapprobation. This is so exceedingly improper that it should be hardly classed in rebuke with other acts of levity.

Try upon all occasions to restrain a volatility of spirits. It is an excess which, if not unnatural, is at least an unwholesome waste of vitality, and which frequently results in self-mortification and chagrin, often causing misunderstandings and affronts; for remember that those whose animal spirits are not pitched to the same key with your own, cannot harmonize with them, nor understand their latitude. This excess, too, destroying that equilibrium so salutary in nature, is sure to have its answering ebb and lowness, subjecting you to the imputation of a moody, capricious, and uncertain character. But don't mistake me. Be as cheerful as you please. Have as much emotion, sensibility, and



liveliness of mind as you may. And these refinements are much more likely to subsist under the temperate régime of cheerfulness than under that of a wasteful and dissipating mirth. But in all your moods of mind, of all things avoid affectation. Yet do not deem the restraints of decorum to be affectation. You are not thus affecting a character which you have not: you only discipline that which you have.

There is hardly any circumstance which should excuse whispering in the presence of a third person. If a particular communication is to be made, rather call the person to be addressed apart. This is much better than risking the possible suspicion of others being the subject of the talk, or even of subjecting them to the awkward feeling of being *de trop* in the company.

Never assist or participate, by nods, and looks, and gestures, in personal comment. Even if the subject be a jocose one, it is taking an unwarrantable liberty with another. If the person be absent, to do this is cowardly and mean: if present, insult is added to injury.

Never abet scandal and calumny in any form: it is ungenerous in the extreme toward those implicated, and no less debasing to your own manners. However well-grounded a disadvantageous report may be, there is always more or less of uncharitableness in giving it the pass. Although vice should not be countenanced, yet it is a matter of conduct and not of conversation that should distance it. Besides the matter in question is often subject to much mistake and misinterpretation; and these "hear-says," these impersonal authorities, are not always of incontestable validity. For yourself—morality apart—it is a low habit to talk scandal. The dignified never do it.

In receiving visitors be upon your best behavior. Courtesy is the due of all admitted as such. Even if the visit be untimely, or an interruption to some engagement, make the best of it, and let not this appear. If two or more present themselves together, one being much the senior of the rest, let not your salutation be general, as, "How are you, ladies?" but, after a general bow, "How are you, madam?" and "how are you all, ladies?"

If you are disengaged enough to see company at all, be disengaged enough to give them your attention whilst present. And especially do not commit the grossness of interrupting their comment or story. If some interruption have necessarily occurred, refer to the subject with polite interest to hear the sequel. If your visitors are not ready in talk, it is your place to supply subjects, letting them lead, however, if they will. Divide your attention equally to all. They have all equally paid you the compliment of a visit; and none should be subjected to disagreeable impressions in return.

Do not be over-pressing to any, upon any point, as to the performance of a piece of music, the singing of an air, &c., leaving them no option of disobliging themselves to oblige you.

Never betray your weariness of a dull person who fastens upon you; but having "submitted" awhile, withdraw yourself the best way you can.

In visiting others be careful to observe if your visit is well-timed. If it happened *mal à propos*, make your *congé* soon, and away. Especially, if on the eve of a journey your acquaintance is packing her trunk—or should be—do not hinder her. Do not treat persons to continual apologies for trespasses which might have been prevented. Remember that too much apology is in itself an offense. In matters of serious moment, it shows more sense, and a better appreciation of things, to refrain from all apology—only expressing regret. Observe that apology is never received, and never equivalent to that which it would excuse—and in a matter of moment has the air of throwing it in the light scale.

Affect not an undue positiveness in small matters. Avoid contradiction. Do not avouch all that you have "heard said;" neither abet contending opinions unasked. Do not thrust yourself into a *tete-a-tete*: it is very impertinent and very offensive.

But the morning is quite too lovely to be spent in these comparative abstractions. Instead of giving forth ideas, it is much better, at such a season, to be gathering them in—to breathe the outward air—to bask in the life elements—to range abroad—to see, to taste, to feel the joy of outward life. Bating the convenience of things, on such a morning all else seems sordid. *Vale!*



#### THE BIBLE OUR TRUE GUIDE.

WHAT is the world?—a wildering maze,  
Where sin has tracked ten thousand ways,  
Her victims to insnare;  
All bread, and winding, and aslope,  
All tempting with perfidious hope,  
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,  
Bearing their baubles or their loads  
Down to eternal night;  
One only path that never bends,  
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends  
From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?  
The Bible!—he alone who hath  
The Bible need not stray;  
But he who hath, and will not give  
That light of life to all that live,  
Himself shall lose the way. MONTGOMERY.

Original.

## SPIRITUAL CONDITION OF MAN.

BY T. B. CRAIGHEAD.

EVERY thing around, above, and beneath man, declares that he is fallen. The clouds which obscure our sky, the burning rays of the meridian sun, the tornado, the earthquake, the toil and sweat with which we procure our food, the pains requisite to education, the sorrows, ills, disappointments, and misfortunes, which happen to men in this life as their inheritance, are inconsistent with the doctrine of man's natural purity. And whenever we look within, and see that our hearts "are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," so that none can know even themselves to perfection; when we experience that, after the enjoyment of all earthly honors, riches, and pleasures, without the peace of God in our hearts, there is an aching void, which the world can never fill; when we experience that the more riches we have the more we desire, the more honors we arrive at the more we endeavor to obtain, and the more pleasures we participate the more we endeavor to enjoy; when we feel that there is a certain longing after immortality, which will not suffer the soul to be satisfied with the things of time, without the favor of God—so that if we were enabled, like Alexander, to conquer the whole world, and claim all its riches, honors, and pleasures as our own, like him, we should *weep* that there was not another world for us to conquer; when we look within us and see all this, we *know* that we are fallen. A monarch, when surrounded by his courtiers, and reflecting upon the woes of men, is reported to have said, that "if he had had the making of man, he would not have made him in his present situation;" and he spoke truly, whether he designed to do so or not, for "God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions."

Man was made in the likeness of God. He was the ruler of Eden—the companion of angels. No beast of the forest nor the field—no fowl of the air, no reptile nor insect of the earth, dared to resist his power, but all gently obeyed his will. The lion, which now so wildly and fiercely resists his commands, then played innocently with the lamb, at the feet of the partners of Eden, as they sat on some fair, flowery mount of Paradise, their temples fanned by the most delightful zephyrs, and the air perfumed with sweet odors, which added to their happiness; while they, perhaps, mingled their voices of angelic sweetness in praises to their Father, God. The eagle, which now fixes his eye upon the dazzling sun, and mounts upward far beyond the reach of man and above the rain-cloud, and is even lost to human vision amid the trackless fields of ether, then came at his call and

went at his bidding. No clouds then obscured his sky—no burning heat nor pinching cold made him weary of his life, for all was joy.

God had placed man, however, under one restraint: "Of all the trees in the garden (he said) thou mayst freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." In the meantime the devil, who was called in heaven the Sun of the Morning, and who was one of the brightest spirits that burned around the throne of God, and who, together with a third part of the angels, was cast out of heaven for his rebellion, being envious of the high state of felicity to which man was created, plots against his happiness and determines his fall. Therefore, he enters the serpent, because that was the wisest of the beasts of the garden, and our first parents were, therefore, most likely to take heed to his counsels; and, by fair speeches, he induces them to violate the law of God, and to bring sin, death, and all our woe upon a lost and ruined world. Man had now violated the law of God, and *justice* required an atonement for the offense committed. Adam and Eve, with all their posterity, were about to be condemned to a hopeless and eternal hell, except a mediator is provided. Now, all the men that have or may live, and all the angels of heaven, and all the powers of hell combined, could not bring salvation. In this period of thrilling interest in the history of man, when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

When we see the Spartan king sacrificing his life for his country, we are struck with admiration of his patriotism. When we contemplate the willingness of Abraham to offer up his only son, Isaac, in obedience to the commands of his Creator, Benefactor, and Friend, we are filled with wonder and astonishment at his faith and love. But when we contemplate God Almighty giving his Son to die, not for a benefactor, nor yet a friend, but for his *enemies*, we are overwhelmed with the thought of redeeming grace and dying love. This love cannot be compared to any thing else, hence our Savior does not institute a comparison. It is higher than heaven, and as deep as hell; it is more boundless than space, and as enduring as eternity! And shall this love be manifested in vain? It remains with us to answer, in part, this question. Then seize this day, dear impenitent reader, and consecrate unto God your bodies and souls, by an active faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. If you perform this reasonable service, God Almighty, who sees thy work of faith and labor of love, will, ere long, welcome thee into the joys of thy Lord, and the love of God shall be thy theme of unceasing praise.



Original.

## NEW ENGLAND MUNIFICENCE.

NICHOLAS BROWN, of Providence, R. I., who died in 1842, left a bequest of forty thousand dollars to that (his native) town, to aid in the erection and establishment of an asylum for the insane. Cyrus Butler, of the same place, has proposed to add the like sum of forty thousand dollars, for the same joint purpose, upon the condition that, within a limited number of months, a third sum of forty thousand dollars shall be subscribed by the inhabitants to the same purpose, the amount of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars being deemed adequate for the purpose contemplated. We hear that thirty-two thousand of the required sum is already subscribed for, and have every reason to believe that the remainder will be forthcoming in season.

Mr. Brown, it should be known, is the same gentleman who, many years ago, endowed Rhode Island College with the sum of five thousand dollars, for which donation the trustees made him the compliment of changing its name to that of Brown University. In addition to this, when a third and centre building was put up beside this child of his adoption, at an expense of *thirty thousand* dollars, seeing and approving the plan, Mr. B. said, laconically and characteristically, "Charge it to me! charge it to me!" And so it was done.

Mr. Butler, here mentioned, is the same gentleman who mostly built the beautiful Arcade on the western side of the river, not, it is known, as a matter of speculation, (for any other investment would have answered better,) but as an ornament to his native town, and a noble monument of his own public spirit.

The late Ezekiel Knight Dexter, of the same city, also bequeathed *seventy thousand* dollars for the erection of an asylum for the indigent. He also gave the lot, probably an area of twenty acres, on which the building stands, situated a small distance from the city.

It is believed in some sections of our country, that there is no liberality in New England. Many years ago I was in Savannah, dining at a table with the Rev. Dr. Porter, (deceased,) then Principal of the Theological School at Andover, Mass., and heard him asserting to the effect that there was no country in the world where contributions for proper objects could be more readily obtained than in New England—"particularly," he observed, "in the city of Boston." He corroborated this statement by adding, "I myself, when first engaged in the institution at Andover, had immediate and urgent occasion for *ten thousand* dollars. But," continued he, "I was not at all anxious on the subject; for I confidently believed I could get it. I cast about in mind, and settled on two men

Vol. IV.—46

in the city of Boston, whom I would ask in succession for the whole sum; and," added he, "*my first man gave it me.* On another occasion," continued he, "I needed *two thousand* dollars for the institution. I went to Boston, called on a friend of mine and of the institution, and told him I had come to dine with him, and to discuss a particular subject, which, over the dessert, I unfolded to him. He came into it at once, and *quietly handed me a draft for the money across the table.*"

I recollect that there were present two foreigners, an Englishman and a Scot, both probably fully imbued with prejudices of "Yankee meanness." At these recitals they looked as if they could not believe their own ears, (the manner more than the amount certifying to an opposite conclusion,) Doctor Porter's veracity being beyond doubt.

In Boston, although there is an abiding economy of money, yet public purposes are liberally subscribed to, genius and talent are fostered and assisted, (and *never* overlooked.) The public charities are numerous and munificent, and beyond my ability to capitulate. "Every now and then" we hear of an individual who, in his lifetime, or by bequest, endows some new object of charity to amounts varying from a thousand to a hundred thousand dollars, and rising. B.

## TO-MORROW.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou  
Of time and tide that are not now!  
But think, in one revolving day  
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,  
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;  
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss  
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press  
Her husband in her fond caress;  
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed  
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain  
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;  
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,  
That bosom current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast  
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;  
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,  
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou  
Of time and tide that are not now!  
But think, in one revolving day  
That even thyself may'st pass away.

Knox.

## Original.

## HEBREW MINSTRELSY.

THERE is no place in which such sublime poetry can be found, as in the Hebrew language of the Old Testament. Adorned in all the rich luxuriance of oriental imagery, Hebrew poetry was consecrated to the declaration of the mighty acts of Deity. No coldly clad metaphors marred its beauty; but it discovers the perfect impress of the divine Original at once to the mind of the reader. Now picturing the greatness and glory of the Infinite, you feel an instinctive dread of coming into his presence, or beholding his majesty. Again you listen, and with such pathos is his tenderness and compassion described, that you seem to be listening to the sweet minstrelsy of an angel, and are forced to believe that the inspired penman stood at the portals of eternity, and gazed on the glory within.

Many parts of the Old Testament were written in verse, though differing, as widely as possible, from the modern system of versification. Psalms, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, and the greater part of all the prophetic books, except Jonah and Daniel, are written in verse. The two introductory chapters of Job, however, are in prose; and in the prophets, prose and verse are continually mingled together. Isaiah is remarkable for the sublimity of his thoughts, clothed in a rich poetic dress. It seemed the business of the prophets, chosen by Jehovah himself, when retired, as they were, from the noise and bustle of life, to clothe the oracles of God in that rich poetic drapery, and to pen those strong appeals to the heart and conscience, which have cheered many a pilgrim since, in his journey to the celestial city.

Lowth says: "It is evident, from many parts of the sacred history, that even from the earliest times of the Hebrew republic, there existed certain colleges of the prophets, in which the candidates for the prophetic office, removed altogether from any intercourse with the world, devoted themselves entirely to the exercises and study of religion. Though the sacred history affords us but little information, and that in a cursory manner, concerning their institutes and discipline, we, nevertheless, understand that a principal part of their occupation consisted in celebrating the praises of almighty God in hymns and poetry, with choral chants, accompanied by stringed instruments and pipes." It is certain that the Hebrews chanted these hymns in alternate choirs; and hence arose those parallelisms in which their poetry abounds, especially in the Psalms and Proverbs. The first choir would sing,

"In a little anger have I forsaken thee;"

The other would reply,

"But with great mercies will I receive thee again."

Again, the first,

"In a short wrath I hid my face for a moment from thee;"

The second,

"But with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee."

This method of parallelism is adopted throughout the whole of Proverbs, and frequently in other places. But there was another kind that the Hebrews often used, viz., where the first choir began and sung three, four, or more lines, before the response from the second choir, which would continue the song, though rarely ever, in length, proportionate to the first.

It would be thought at the present day, that such a continual parallelism would prove very wearisome; but, says a distinguished author, "the nervous simplicity and conciseness of the Hebrew muse, prevents this parallelism from degenerating into monotony. In repeating the same idea in different words, she seems as if displaying a fine opal, that discovers fresh beauty in every new light to which it is turned. Her amplifications of a given thought, are like the echoes of a solemn melody—her repetitions of it like the landscape reflected in the stream. And, whilst her questions and responses give a life-like effect to her compositions, they remind us of the alternate voices in public devotion, to which they were manifestly adapted."

Another benefit arose from the free and unconfined nature of Hebrew poetry, which was, that it admitted a freer use of figures than any modern poetry admits. All oriental productions are characterized by a free use of bold metaphorical language, which gave brilliancy and beauty to the subject. But in no place is figurative language used so boldly, vividly, yet simply, as in the poetical productions of God's word. Those warm outpourings of the heart, the benedictions of the patriarchs, and the patriotic glow excited in their bosoms by some remarkable act, naturally would find vent in expressions under a poetic dress. It is to such occasions as these, that we are indebted for the finest specimens of sacred poetry.

The oldest specimen of Hebrew poetry, of which we have any account, is the address of Lamech to his wives, in Genesis iv, 23, which is more than a thousand years older than any production of the profane poets. It is a fact, as a distinguished writer remarks, that "their historical records," speaking of the Hebrews, "may be said to end where those of Greece begin: the first of their historians being a thousand years anterior to Herodotus, and the last of them his cotemporary; and they possessed beautiful poetry, which was committed to writing probably centuries before letters were known in Greece, and before the remotest period in which we can suppose the author of the Iliad existed." The next poetical production, is the address of Noah to his sons. Then comes the blessing of Jacob, of touching beauty. The next we meet with is the triumphal ode sung by the



children of Israel after the passage of the Red Sea, composed, probably, by Moses. Then, passing over several fragments, we come to the prophecy of Balaam, a production remarkable for its wild yet mournful sublimity, and its sudden burst upon the mind:

"From Aram I am brought by Balak—  
By the king of Moab, from the mountains of the east:  
Come curse me, Jacob,  
And come execrate Israel:  
How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?  
And how shall I execrate whom God hath not execrated?  
For, from the tops of the rocks I see him,  
And from the hills I behold him:  
Lo! the people who shall dwell alone,  
Nor shall number themselves among the nations!  
Who shall count the dust of Jacob?  
Or the number of the fourth of Israel?  
Let me die the death of the righteous,  
And let my last end be like his!

\* \* \* \* \*  
I shall see him, but not now:  
I shall behold him, but not nigh," &c.

Then, in Deuteronomy, that beautiful and affecting appeal to the Israelites; and a little after, the blessing of that holy man a short time before his death, viewing the promised land, spread out before him, from Pisgah's top, speaking sweetly of their rest there, as a foretaste of the joys of eternity. These are the principal poetic fragments in the historic parts of the Old Testament.

But the greater number, by far, of those sacred songs collected under the general head of Psalms, were composed by David, so appropriately styled "The sweet Psalmist of Israel." When an obscure shepherd, pasturing his flock on the delightful vales of Bethlehem, his voice might be heard, accompanied with the soft tones of his lute, raised in humble thanksgiving to that God who had bestowed upon him so many blessings. We discover, at once, the "man after God's own heart," by his wild, pathetic, yet tender appeals to the heart:

"The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want;  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,  
He leadeth me beside the still waters;  
He reviveth my spirit,  
He leadeth me in the right paths,  
For his name's sake.  
When I walk through the darkest valley,  
I fear no evil, for thou art with me;  
Thy crook and thy staff they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
In the presence of mine enemies;  
Thou anointest my head with oil;  
My cup runneth over.  
Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,  
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

In this example the common version has not been followed, but the translation of the Rev. George R. Noyes, as it is considered nearer the spirit of the original.

O, come, let us sing unto Jehovah!  
Let us shout to the rock of our salvation!  
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,  
Let us shout to him with songs!  
For a great God is Jehovah,  
And a great king over all gods.  
In his hand are the deep places of the earth,  
And his are the heights of the mountains;  
The sea is his, and he made it,  
The dry land also, which his hands have formed.  
O, come, let us worship and bow down,  
Let us kneel before Jehovah, our maker:  
For he is our God, and we  
Are the people of his pasture, and the flock of his hand."

In Job are some of the most sublime passages of poetry that can be found in any language:

"Then spake Jehovah to Job out of the whirlwind, and said:  
Who is this that darkeneth my counsel by words without knowledge?

Gird up thy loins like a man;  
I will ask, and answer thou me,  
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?  
Declare, since thou hast such knowledge!  
Who fixed its dimensions, since thou knowest!  
Or who stretched out the line upon it!  
Upon what were its foundations fixed?  
Or who laid its corner-stone,  
When the morning stars shone together,  
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Hast thou ever commanded the morning,  
Or caused the day-spring to know its place,  
That they should lay hold on the ends of the earth,  
And shake the wicked out of it?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Where is the way to the abode of light?  
And darkness, where is its dwelling place?  
That thou mayest lead each of them to its boundary,  
And know the paths to its mansion.  
Surely thou knowest it! for thou wast then born!  
And the number of thy years is great!

Hast thou entered the store-houses of the snow,  
Or seen the treasures of the hail?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades,  
Or loosen the bands of Orion?  
Canst thou lead out Mazzaroth in its season,  
Or guide Arcturus with his sons?  
Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?  
Hast thou appointed their dominion over the earth?"

Isaiah is full of rich poetic imagery. He, indeed, may be called the national poet of the Israelites. How beautiful are his expressions when, speaking of the future Church, he burst out with the exclamation—

"There the glorious Lord shall be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams:  
The wilderness and the solitary parts shall be glad for them,  
And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.  
O, thou afflicted, and beaten with the storm, and destitute of consolation,  
Behold, I lay thy stones in cement of vermillion,  
And thy foundations with sapphires;  
And I will make of rubies thy battlements,  
And thy gates of carbuncles,  
And the whole circuit of thy wall shall be of precious stones."

D.

Original.

## A LEAF FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

IN the latter part of July, 184—, I was spending a few days in the pleasant village of B—, Kentucky. Its retired situation, and the pleasing manners of its inhabitants, had such an effect on my mind, that I thought I could cheerfully consent to spend my days in its calm retirement. Here, in the circle in which I became acquainted, cheerfulness, softened and brightened by the hallowing influences of Christianity, seemed to have found a genial home; and though an entire stranger on my arrival there, in a few days I found myself surrounded by friends and circumstances which I shall never forget.

I had not been here long, however, before I found that, notwithstanding the general peace and content which appeared to prevail, there was even there much that was calculated to make me remember that this is but a world of sin, and of sorrow, and death. Though, at the first casual glance, the picture seemed bright, yet I soon, very soon, made the discovery that pain and sickness, the struggle of the spirit for life, the pallid brow, the fevered cheek, and the sleepless eye of the watcher, were all to be found in this beautiful and apparently happy spot. Yes, even here the monster who has triumphed over so many myriads of our race, who has made earth one vast charnel-house, a very *Golgotha*, was, by his agent, disease, preying upon the cheek of beauty, seizing upon the strong man and the infant with a giant's grasp, and bearing alike the purest and noblest to the silent dwellings of the dead.

There was one of whom I heard shortly after my arrival. Consumption had laid its hand upon him, and slowly and silently, but surely, was performing its accustomed task. For some years this disease had been preying upon him; but, like all its victims, he seemed to hope that life would be prolonged, and that the ties which bound him to earth would not soon be rudely severed. He was still young, and the wife of his youth, and one fair child, the pledge of their pure affections, were cords of union of no common strength, and they seemed to bind him to this lower sphere with the holiest ties.

About the time I arrived at B—, he began to perceive that life was fast waning away, and that soon he would be called upon to pass "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." By the advice of his friends he had been removed a short distance into the country, in the hope that its quietude and pure air might have a beneficial effect on his declining frame. It was at this place that I first

visited him. The morning on which I started for this purpose was truly delightful. A short time before, a heavy rain had fallen, which had imparted to all things around a pleasing freshness and fragrancy. All nature seemed cheerful, the birds were caroling forth their sweetest songs—all around me seemed full of life—all joy and gladness; but I was on my way to the house of sorrow and of mourning. When I arrived there, how changed was the scene! Silence seemed to reign around. The friends of the sufferer spoke in whispers, and the heavy, measured breathing of the dying man was the only audible sound to be heard. All hope of life had fled, but, with his weakness, the hope of eternal life seemed to grow stronger and stronger. He made signs for us to pray. We knelt at his bedside and poured out our fervent prayers to the great Dispenser of all good in behalf of our suffering brother. When we arose his eyes were cast upward. He made a strong effort to speak, and looking round him, he exclaimed as loud as his feeble voice would permit, "Sing! sing!" A hymn was chosen, the burden of which was the final resting-place of the faithful, and the joys reserved in that happy home, or, in the words of the hymn which we sung—

"The home I have in heaven."

Never before had I so deeply felt the power of music. I had heard the union of young and happy voices sending forth, in merry peals, the "unwritten melodies" of their hearts—I had heard it swelling from the lips of beauty in the scene of festal mirth, and bursting in solemn anthems from the deep-toned organ; but never, to me, did music seem to possess such power as when it rose tremulously yet triumphantly around the couch of that dying man. There were weeping eyes around that bed, and hearts that were nearly breaking; yet, when their voices caught the strain, their weeping eyes were upturned, and thoughts of heaven so triumphed over those of earth, that even the sufferer strove to join in that glad yet solemn song with his dying breath, and, even in death, to shout *victory*. The song ceased, and soon his glad spirit, borne on the wings of faith and holy prayer, took its heavenward flight. My own feelings it were vain to attempt to describe; but shortly after leaving the room, I attempted an imperfect transcript of them in the following lines:

How tremblingly that strain arose  
Around the couch of death!  
So sweet, the sufferer strove to join  
It with his dying breath:  
He smil'd, to him it seem'd to be  
Some ling'ring angel's minstrelsy.  
Soft as a lute's last dying notes,  
Or as the vesper song,  
And yet it spoke of blessed hopes,  
Of faith, and courage strong:



In tones sweet as the breath of ev'n  
The song spoke of a home in heav'n.  
That home the suff'rer long'd to see—  
His spirit's blest abode—  
His Father's glorious dwelling place—  
The city of his God;  
And that glad song struck on his ear  
Like music from another sphere.

Each note appear'd an angel's voice  
To beckon him away,  
And make the spirit haste to leave  
Its dwelling place of clay:  
It was a prelude to the songs  
Which burst but from seraphic tongues.

While bands of happy spirits bright  
Appear'd to hover nigh,  
Which bade his spirit plume its wings,  
To seek its native sky,  
It struggled in its shatter'd cell,  
And bade to earth a long farewell.



Original.

# THE WRATH OF GOD.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

IN reading the Bible, we often meet with passages like the following: "God is angry with the wicked every day;" "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness;" "For a fire is kindled in mine anger which shall burn to the lowest hell," &c. These passages and those of a kindred character naturally suggest the inquiries—what is meant by *wrath*, as thus used? or in what sense can God be said to be *angry*? and what has caused this anger to exist? An answer to these inquiries will constitute the subject of the present communication.

In entering upon the elucidation of any subject, it is frequently found of great importance to remove false impressions from the mind before any direct attempt is made to exhibit the truth as it is. This is particularly the case in relation to the subject before us. Two very erroneous opinions have always been extensively prevalent among the human family in reference to the feelings of God toward them as sinners. The first is, that God's anger is the offspring of *malevolence*: the second, that it is the offspring of *revenge*. It will be necessary, therefore, to remove these before we can proceed in the general discussion of the subject.

It may then be stated, in the first place, that the feeling of God, denominated anger, wrath, &c., is not the offspring of malevolence.

God hates not any thing he has made. It has been one of the great attempts of the devil ever since the fall, if not to *persuade* men that God was a malevolent being, at least to instill such a feeling

in their hearts—to interweave it, as it were, into the very texture of their moral being—to such an extent as would lead them to impute, almost involuntarily, many of God's dealings with them to such a source. Hence it is that we often find men murmuring against the dispensations of Providence. When God steps in between them and the accomplishment of some favorite purpose, or when he blights their hopes and prospects of some anticipated pleasure, the almost instantaneous feeling of the human heart is that he is unnecessarily severe; and sometimes it proceeds so far as to charge God with cruelty. In such circumstances, men feel that they do not deserve what they receive. They are unconscious of the moral turpitude of their own character, or the exceeding sinfulness of sin; and hence arrive at false conclusions. A single example may suffice to illustrate this position. In conversation with an elderly lady sometime since, who had been deeply afflicted in the loss of friends, she remarked that she could not see why God had dealt thus with her. She did not think she was worse than others. She had always tried to live peaceably with all the world, and do as much good and as little harm as she could; and yet God had severely afflicted her. Some of her neighbors were openly vicious; and yet they prospered in every thing to which they put their hands. If God were a benevolent and kind being, she could not see why things were thus. Now it is very evident that, although she could not bring herself to charge her Maker directly with partiality or malevolence, yet there was a sufficiency of that feeling to prevent the truth from producing its appropriate effect upon her mind. It amounted to about this: "If it be not the offspring of malevolence I do not know to what to attribute it." Such was the unexpressed feeling of the heart. This is by no means a solitary instance. We find the same thought flitting across the mind even of David and of Job when in their greatest distress. But with them it was but the shadow of a summer's cloud which, by its sudden transition, gave to the landscape a more brilliant glow than before. The doubt which momentarily had entered gave place to a confidence strengthened by a new test of the principles by which their lives were regulated. They believed God, and found in his providential dealings only a confirmation of his own declaration that he was a God of love. For if malevolence formed any part of his character, his omnipotent power would secure to him all the opportunities necessary for the most complete gratification of this feeling. But, on the contrary, they found that he crowns the year with his goodness; that his mercy endureth for ever; that, among the mighty works of his hand, man was not forgotten or neglected; and that he supplied the wants of every creature he had made.

Again: this anger is not the offspring of *revenge*. When a fellow-man in any way attempts to injure us, the immediate promptings of the human heart is retaliation. And we are continually prone to attribute like feelings to God. This was the charge which he brought in olden time: "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such a one as thyself." But this is not the fact. He is not affected by any of the causes of disturbance which mar our happiness. He fears not the combined powers of ALL the creatures he has made; for they derive from him all their power, either for good or evil. The Psalmist has beautifully expressed the feelings of God in view of their impotent rage as directed against himself: "Why did the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel against the Lord and against his anointed. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision."

God not only fears not the combined fury of his enemies, but their machinations cannot reach him, or disturb the harmony of his plans, or, if the expression may be allowed, cannot touch his feelings. He sits upon the throne of the universe. He does his pleasure in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. To the rage and rebellion of man he saith, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." He makes even the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder he restrains. Upon his most determined and exasperated enemies he looks down with serenity, mingled with pity, and asks, "Whom hast thou reproached and blasphemed; and against whom hast thou exalted thy voice, and lifted up thy eyes on high? Even against the holy One of Israel. Because thy rage against me and thy tumult is come up into my ears; therefore, I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." Their rage is perfect impotence. All they can do cannot, by any possibility, delay or accelerate the accomplishment of his purposes, or thwart any of his plans. In no way can they effect an injury except upon themselves. Their attempts to impugn his character or rebel against his government only recoil upon themselves with a double force; for were their aspersions of his character likely to produce even a temporary injury, he has it in his power, at any instant, to vindicate that character and send a world of rebels to perdition. Being so far exalted above their impotence in every respect, there is nothing upon which their actions can fasten to excite revenge. If they sin, it is against their own souls. If they oppose his purposes, it is but the mote attempting to check the chariot wheels of the sun. If they rebel against his government, it is but the potsherds striving with the potsherds of

the earth. If they take counsel to blot out his name, and destroy his institutions, as did the French Academy, it is but the pigmies of earth in solemn conclave commanding the sun not to shine, or the moon to forget her course around the earth. He cannot be tempted of any. His sovereign, independent will "moves on his undisturbed affairs."

Having thus briefly encountered the errors stated, the way is prepared for a positive exposition of the term. By anger, or wrath, when applied to God, we understand *his strong disapprobation of sin, and the course pursued by the wicked*. While their conduct cannot injure him, or disappoint any of his purposes, it is not from any want of disposition on their part that it is so, but from sheer want of ability. If they could they would hurl Deity from his throne, and usurp for themselves the government of the universe. They would carry out their selfish or ambitious schemes independent and irrespective of the rights of any in the wide universe. Of such conduct God, if he be a God of justice, cannot but disapprove. That disapprobation is clearly revealed in the Bible, and revealed under the forms and expressions cited above.

The next inquiry connected with the subject is, what has caused this anger to exist?

An answer to this question has, in part, been anticipated above. In a more full elucidation, it may be remarked that this wrath exists because God is a God of *benevolence*. To some this may appear a paradox. But a more full discussion will, I think, prove the contrary. Without stopping to argue the point, let it be admitted that God is benevolent. As the supreme ruler of the universe, he desires the happiness of all the subjects of his government. Since he has made them rational and accountable beings, this happiness can only be secured in a way consistent with one of the very elementary principles of his government—THEIR FREEDOM. The human mind is not like a vessel which can be filled with happiness as with a substance foreign to it. Its happiness must be its own; that is, it must arise from something personal, or from something having a direct personal relation to the being experiencing it. Happiness, in the true sense of the term, cannot exist without the consciousness of responsibility. In order, therefore, that the subjects of his government might be happy God has given them the power of becoming happy—he has bestowed upon them certain rights and privileges, in the proper exercise of which rational happiness was to be secured; and only required that, in the exercise of these rights and privileges, a just regard should be had to his rights as creator, moral governor, and benefactor, and a mutual regard and respect for the rights of one another. Thus, in all their pursuits of happiness, love to himself, and obedience to his commands, as



proceeding from love, and love to one another, was the only restriction imposed. His omniscient wisdom perceived this as the only plan to secure their highest happiness. There was nothing unjust or oppressive in the law; but, on the contrary, it was, as man was constituted, the great conducive cause of his happiness; for the consciousness of having done right, or having administered to the happiness of one another, has always proved one of the sources of the highest enjoyment. But no sooner had man begun to act than he violated this law of his being by invading the rights of his Sovereign—by throwing off all allegiance to him, and setting up a government of his own in opposition to that of his Maker. As he had cast aside the first part of the law requiring a proper respect to the rights of the Sovereign, it was not to be expected that he would pay any regard to the second, requiring respect for the rights of the subject. We therefore find him immediately attempting to deprive his fellow-subject, or rather his fellow-rebel, of every right which he can by arbitrary power gain possession of, or keep when once obtained. As this has been mutual, we find that the whole history of the world has been one continued struggle to obtain, or continue in the possession of the rights and privileges of others. This being the very opposite of what the fundamental law required, it was to be expected that unhappiness would be the result. And how fully and fearfully has this anticipation been realized! If, then, God really desired the happiness of the universe which he had made, he could not but disapprove of any and every thing which would mar or destroy that happiness among any of his creatures. Hence, when he saw one individual depriving another of the rights and the means of enjoyment which he himself had bestowed alike on both—when he heard the cry of suffering go up from the injured and the oppressed—and when he saw his own moral image, originally stamped upon the character of man, blotted out—how could he feel otherwise than indignant? What other sentiments could he entertain than those of strong disapprobation.

In addition, his own rights had been violated. His claim was founded on what he himself had done. He had made the beings who had rebelled; they were dependent upon him for every thing they possessed. He only required that of them, with the yielding of which was indissolubly connected their highest happiness—the continued enjoyment of his favor. But, instead of obedience, he found rebellion and base ingratitude. They dishonored his name. His day, which he had made for their benefit, but to the ownership of which he he had never relinquished his claim, they laid sacrilegious hands upon; and instead of devoting its sacred hours to his worship, as he had commanded,

appropriated them to the gratification of their own sinful desires. His efforts for the amelioration of their condition, they opposed; those who would be benefited they ridiculed. His law, which bound all worlds together in happy harmony and harmonious happiness, they trampled under foot, and, as far as their influence and example could go, taught rebellion through the universe, and sought to overthrow the government of God. When he, in his benevolence, devised a plan for their rescue from the punishment which their own transgressions were bringing upon them, and sent his Son, to suffer and die, that he might be their Savior, they turned their backs upon him, insultingly saying, "We will not have this man to rule over us." Trampling under foot his blood, which was shed for their ransom, they persisted in urging their way down to perdition; and when God called after them by the Holy Spirit, they stopped their ears, or sought to drown his voice in the noise and confusion of transgression. When all this was true, could God do otherwise than most highly disapprove? Yes! there is wrath: wrath upon the guilty, because they have dishonored God—violated his law—set aside his claims—requited his kindness with base ingratitude—murdered his own Son, and done despite to his Spirit!



Original.

### THE DRUNKARD.

Extract from an address on Intemperance.

THE evils of intemperance stop not here—the drunkard has a wife. Perhaps he won her in the morning of life, when the bloom of youth, health, and sobriety glowed on his cheeks, and the light of genius lit up his bewitching countenance. They went to the altar with hearts of tenderness and love. Heaven smiled upon the union. Then the happiness of her coming years lay, like an ocean of pearls and diamonds, in the embrace of the future: then hope sat, like a bird of auspicious omen, high in the green leaves of fancy, and poured into her bosom the sweet harmony of an earthly elysium. Her husband, in an unsuspecting hour, forgets his bridal pledges: the sparkling bowl of friendship steals upon the hours of domestic enjoyment—his noble nature yields to the "bright eyes of the charmer," and, alas! he becomes, step by step, a daily drunkard. What scenes follow? Night upon night finds him in the midst of his family, brimful with spirits and passion. His wife meets him with a trembling hand, an aching heart, tearful eyes—his children retreat from corner to corner, as if an evil spirit had made its appearance—and even his faithful dog skulks away, with the growl of anticipated blows. The little homestead becomes the

theatre of family broils and angry blows, and neither his wife nor his children are secure from the fury of his drunken madness. Where the sacred anthem should bear aloft the thankful music of the family, the wild song of the intemperate is chanted to the impious orgies of vice; where the grateful breath of humble prayer, like incense, should waft to heaven their wants and woes, he pours out a torrent of curses on their devoted heads; where the Holy Bible should spread its morning and evening banquet of wisdom and love, he opens the tablets of a heart, upon which is written the history of wretchedness and woe. Who does not shudder at this mournful picture of desolation and ruin? The condition of the wife is most pitiable. The cries of her half-clad, starving children ring in her ears daily, and the hectic flush of premature death dries up her briny tears, as they trickle down her cheeks. Her heart is a little city of ruins: hope, pride, happiness, fortune, all have departed. \* \* \* \* \* Even while the wife binds up his wounds, his gross ingratitude sends to her heart keenest pangs; while she sheds tears of sympathy over his wayward conduct, his cruel treatment freezes them into ice-drops before they touch his bosom; while she entwines her affections around him, as the virgin bower infolds the oak, his swelling anger and peevish passions snap the gentle cords, and spurn her proffered tenderness. Still the doting wife grasps the hand that withers her hopes of earthly happiness, and leans on the cheek that consumes the sweetness of her youth, her beauty, and her health.

Go now with the drunkard to his death-bed, and behold his last moments. Nerves of iron would be moved, the fountains of tears broken up, and the marble-heart of selfishness softened into momentary sympathy. His past actions rise up, like so many bloody phantoms, before his startled gaze. His squandered fortune, his blighted prospects, his desolate hearth, his beggared children, his heart-broken wife—all pass before his mental vision, in hurried and ghastly succession. His physical pain cannot be mitigated, nor his mental agony removed: remorse spreads a pall over the future. Will you hear his groans and wailings on his rack of misery, disease, and death? Will you look on the contortions of his limbs and features, as the last sparks of life, like molten lead, burn and sethe through his veins? Will you follow, in fancy's wake, his rapid and fervid thoughts, as they tear away the dark mantle of the tomb, and pause, tremblingly, midway between "life's fitful fever," and his horrid destiny? Does he call for his cup? It will add fury to his despair. Does he ask for his comrades? Their bacchanalian howls and idiotic laughs will bring no quiet or peace to his fearful breast. Does he stretch forth his trembling arm, to grasp the

silver-fingered hand that poured this death-bane into his vitals? That hand could not rescue him, though the priceless worth of Aladdin's lamp were the offered ransom. Let us finish the frightful picture. He breathes his last moments in darkness and despair, with hideous cries, or in sullen, soulless stupidity.

Who will not lend his heart and hand to forward the great temperance reform, and battle down the pernicious evils of drunkenness? Will a single lover of virtue, peace, and religion, refuse to enlist in this philanthropic and Christian cause? What gray-headed father will not lend his venerable locks, his feeble steps, and his spotless name, to hallow and consecrate it? What fond mother, with a glowing heart of parental tenderness, will not inspire her sons with ardor and enthusiasm in its advocacy? What young lady, with the roseate sweetness of youth blooming on her cheeks, and her dreams of future happiness reveling in her heart of diamond purity, will not enter the ranks of its champions, with her cheering smiles and sparkling eyes? What young man will not leap with joy at this moment, to pierce, with his sword of virtue and patriotism, the bloated carcass of this national and social vice? Let no one falter in the cause, and, under the smiles of Providence, we will roll back the tide of intemperance, and cover our country with moral and physical blessings. S.



#### COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

O! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee!  
The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone;  
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And even the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too!  
O who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom  
One peace-branch from above!  
Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray:  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day. MOORE.



Original.

## THE RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS OF THE CHINESE.

BY DR. DIVER.

It is difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion regarding the religious opinions of the Chinese as a nation. One reason of this is, that their religious writings are in a style almost unintelligible to the common reader. The Buddhist works are full of expressions, the true meaning of which even few priests of that sect know; and the same set of phrases are chanted by the votaries over and over for ages, without a single thought being bestowed upon their import. The religion of Taon, which is a national superstition, has clothed its doctrines in mysterious laconism. Many sentences admit of several different versions, and the student finds himself puzzled by a mass of vagaries. The religious works of the literati are mere treatises on ceremony, dry and uninteresting, and only of value to the "master of rites," to exercise himself in the prescribed prostrations, genuflections, and bows. To understand "A General Account of the Gods and Genii," one ought to be intimately acquainted with the absurdities suggested by a disordered fancy, or study the deviations from common sense, and hear patiently the ravings of a diseased mind. It is a very pantheon—a labyrinth, through which, even with the clue of Ariadne, it is difficult to thread the way.

The general division of the people into the sects of Taon, Buddha, and Confucius, holds true only regarding the initiated, the priests, and their immediate adherents, whilst the mass of the people, devoid of religious instruction, combine all in one; and individuals are either entirely indifferent toward all superstitions, or each cherishes his own peculiar tenets. All religious persons are stigmatized with popular contempt, and viewed in no other light than as mountebanks and quacks, who practice their unhallowed arts in order to gain a scanty livelihood. Under such circumstances, it is extraordinary to see so many temples and shrines, some of them richly endowed. But it ought not to be forgotten that the Chinese loves show, and that he must have a public house where he may occasionally spend an idle hour, consult his destiny, burn incense, and offer sacrifices, upon which he afterward may feast. Many of these edifices were erected from other than religious motives: they are mere places of convenience, and are always viewed in that light. But there is none so poor that he fits not up a little shrine or corner, with an inscription or an idol, before which he daily burns incense. You may find these in the very sheds of beggars; and the small boats of Ganka women are never without this appendage. The majority of the

Vol. IV.—47

people view these images in no other light than as a child its doll, which "old custom" has taught them to have always at hand. A pagan Chinese never prays. He considers it the business of the priest to rattle off a few unmeaning sentences, and it is quite sufficient that he should just utter a few ejaculations. If you discourse with him about his religious opinions, he will always come forward with "heaven and earth," the two grand objects of his veneration. There is no work exclusively upon religion to which he may refer. If he consult the classics, he will be told that filial piety and loyalty constitute true religion; but not a hint is given him about the omnipotent Creator, to whom he owes his first and most sacred duty. It has again and again been asserted, without a shadow of truth, that the Chinese acknowledge one supreme Being; but this confession has been made by men who have come in contact with foreigners, and were anxious to avoid the ridicule which attaches to a votary of idols. The impressions of polytheism are not easily removed from the mind; and though the absurdity may be fully admitted, the son of Ham cleaves tenaciously to his ancient superstition. God alone can change this state of things, and open the understanding of the heathen to perceive the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

The object of the writer is to communicate to the readers of the Repository some information respecting the religious ideas and worship of the Chinese, in order that they may know with what superstitions the Christian missionaries have to contend in their arduous work. "At a future time I shall give some account of the operations of the various missionary societies and other benevolent institutions, whose object it is to ameliorate the moral and physical condition of this numerous and interesting people, and bring them to a saving knowledge of the Gospel.

The religious system of Confucius, or rather his system of morals, is the most honored, both by the government and the learned portion of the people. The founder of this system was born B. C. 549. At the age of fifty he was employed by the sovereign of his native state as magistrate of a small district. Three or four years afterward, Confucius was raised to the rank of prime minister; but his elevated moral sense, and the jealousy and intrigue of rivals, induced him to resign his office and leave his native province. Wandering from place to place, he collected around him a number of disciples, whom he taught a system of morals worthy of a better age. During these peregrinations he was frequently exposed to the secret plots and open attacks of foes. He wrote and spoke against the conduct of different rulers, and made sycophants and tyrants tremble. He died in his seventy-second year, lamented by his countrymen, and eulogized

even by his enemies. It is a misnomer to call his system a religion, as it treats of ethics and politics, and has little or nothing to do with theology. Confucius deserves praise, however, for his five cardinal virtues, benevolence, righteousness, politeness, wisdom, and truth, among which filial piety stands first.\* He lays the foundation of morality in the principle of doing to others as we would that they should do unto us. He has overlooked the reverence due to the Father of our spirits; and it is lamentable that one so acute, intelligent, and independent, should have been ignorant of the being, attributes, and perfections of the living and true God.

From some expressions about "heaven," the Supreme Ruler," and the "principle of order," it might be inferred that the philosopher had some knowledge of the Ruler of the universe, were it not for his incoherent manner, and his propensity to materialism. The "state religion," of which Confucius is the founder, is entirely a bodily service, consisting not of doctrines which are to be taught, learned, and believed, but of rites and ceremonies. As practiced by the court at Peking, and by the provincial governments, it is contained in the code of laws which specify the objects of worship, the duties of the priests, the sacrifices and offerings, and the penalties for informality or defective performance of the ceremonies of the state religion. The emperor himself is the "*pontifex maximus*," the high priest, and subordinate to him are the kings, nobles, statesmen, and the crowd of civil and military officers. At the grand state worship of nature, neither priests nor women are admitted. The ceremonies of this grand worship, this "natural religion," consist in bowing, kneeling, and knocking the head against the ground. In those sacrifices in which the emperor officiates, in *propria personâ*, he never knocks his head against the ground. What he requires of the greatest monarch on earth, he will not give to the greatest object of his adoration. The three kneelings and nine knockings of the head he turns into three kneelings and nine bows. There is, in his estimation, a *feeling* difference between knocking and bowing the head. If any of the common people presume to arrogate the right of worshiping heaven and announcing their affairs thereto, or of lighting lamps to the seven stars of Ursa Major, &c., they shall be punished *bona fide* with eighty blows or strangulation. The victims sacrificed for heaven and earth are divided into four classes: 1. A heifer; 2. A bullock; 3. Oxen; 4. Sheep or pigs. They are required to be whole and sound, and to be purified

many days. The altar on which the sacrifice to heaven is made is round, to represent heaven; that on which the sacrifices to earth are laid is square, perhaps for the same reason. When the imperial high priest worships heaven, he wears robes of azure color, in allusion to the sky. When he worships the earth, his robes are yellow, to represent the clay of earth. When the sun is the object of his worship, his dress is red, and for the moon he wears a pale white. The kings, nobles, and centenary of official hierophants, wear their court dresses. There are upward of 1560 temples dedicated to Confucius; and at the spring and autumnal sacrifices there are offered to him more than 60,000 animals, and about 30,000 pieces of silk. Thus we see that the worship of the Confucianist is a mere external form of ceremonies. He knows nothing of God—he has no correct idea of the future state—he lives and dies in ignorance of what awaits him in eternity, satisfied with knowing no more than unenlightened reason can teach him.

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Original.

#### WHY MOURN THE EARLY DEAD?

BY D. WELBURN.

Why mourn the early dead?  
 'Tis surely sweet to die  
 Ere age has bent the form,  
 Or sorrow dimm'd the eye.  
 Life's toilsome journey ends,  
 The spirit is at rest,  
 Ere morning's early blush  
 Fades from the glowing east.  
 The victory is gained,  
 The victor claims his crown,  
 Just as the bloody strife  
 Of battle is begun.  
 Death comes the harbinger  
 Of immortality,  
 To bless the youthful train  
 With endless youth on high.  
 Then mourn not for the dead,  
 Who leave the shores of time  
 In early life, to seek  
 A deathless, griefless clime.  
 God gave them in his love:  
 He claims them as his own,  
 And soon will gather us  
 With them around his throne.

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#### THE BEING OF MAN.

HEAVEN and earth

Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me,  
 Must think for ever; that which feels must feel:  
 I am, and I can never cease to be.

\* Confucius said, "Of the three thousand crimes included under the five kinds of punishment, there is none greater than disobedience to parents."



Original.

## INDUSTRY.

My theme, *industry*, is a trite one; yet for this I am substantially glad; for it is thus proved to be a matter of universal consideration. And if it were only as well practiced as it is well thought of, my suggestions would be supererogatory and needless. If I can say nothing new upon the subject, I can at least reiterate and recommend its known uses, advantages, and influences. For myself I confess it is a subject which, in a moral point of view, claims my first respect; and in a religious one—as the most sanative and salutary power bestowed on us by Providence—my reverence and regard.

To present the thing in its proper order, let us (my reader and I) commence at the beginning. It is not important, so we possess this power, to know whether it be innate and inherent, or whether derived upon us by methods of tuition and training. Yet the latter opinion should have the preponderance, as affording incentive and encouragement to its exercise—besides that its *actual* will outweigh its ideal all to nothing.

But I am myself showing this good “creature” in the abstract—a futile act, by which I should impose on my youthful reader a shadow for a substance.

The young girl of ten or twelve years, who can already claim to be called “industrious,” (a high calling for her,) was, at five years of age, excused of her dressing-maid or assistant, and every morning folded her night-cap within her night-gown, and deposited them in the little basket at the head of her bed. She washed her face and hands, combed her hair, smoothing it carefully, dressed herself with very little assistance; and tying her apron-strings together, she slipped it over her head, and was ready for prayers and for breakfast. If she did not do all this, she could have done it easily; and *she* is not to blame that she did not. But the wise parent who does enjoin and require this from her child, trains her infant faculties, and gives spring and impulse, not to her activity alone, but to her moral perceptions. She perceives the right and the proper of these things with a self-cognizant satisfaction of their fitness and excellence, making her good-humored and sprightly now, and implanting within her the germ of constitution and character yet to be.

And now the little girl of five years is ready for school. It is not too early to commence, (unless she be learned her letters and syllables at home—the same thing,) because it is time that she be trained to some small degree of application; and neither is it too late; for it is desirable that her spontaneous perceptions also be developed. And here, besides learning her letters and syllables well, she is to learn the use of the needle, by considerable prac-

tice each day. As to the method, she should be taught carefully—not, certainly, for the value of the work she shall do, but because, as soon as she can do it well, it will become part of herself; and she will love it—she will love industry. Yet she should not be tasked or overdone, but sometimes indulged—when the weather is delightful—with a half day’s recess and recreation. The next morning—for it has been so planned out to her—she returns to school satisfied and renovated. Her needle keeps pace with her book for two or three years, and at nine years of age she can make a shirt—even draw the threads, and cut it out, with a little instruction from her mother. Her father praises her for this; but does not *otherwise* reward her, excepting, perhaps, by a pretty work-box at Christmas. This she keeps carefully for several years, often thinking of all that was implied in the gift, and resolving never to be less worthy of it. She is now very handy in doing errands about the house for her mother. In her hours of recess she is nearly as busy as at school; but in a great variety of matters, taking little snatches of play between her performances, and being as ready for one as the other. She has found time to learn several little handicrafts, not having yet commenced the ornamental course at school; and in plain work is very expert. She hems and marks all the house linen—bears a hand when the dress-maker is present. She can darn nearly as well as her mother, and is ambitious of taking “stents” with her in the stocking basket. Because stockings are cheap, she does not despise learning to knit, and she becomes very fond of it; for it is pretty work, and she can do it of an evening when all are so merry in the parlor that she don’t like closer employment. Besides in this way she can do some little charities. Her own set of drawers are nicely kept. She suits her clothes to the weather and occasion; and when she has a chance opportunity for an excursion, or a little visit, all is ready. Indeed, she is almost a “pattern” girl. But this should not be lisped to her; for the love of praise, though allowable as a reward, is inexcusable as a motive.

But her personal industry has become so absorbing, that her mother admonishes her that it is time—just the time at twelve years of age—to remit it a little in favor of closer attention to the studies of school. This arrangement, breaking in upon the habit of diversified occupation, is not altogether agreeable to her at first; and, also, such constant study seems arduous, yet she has long ago learned one piece of ratiocination, (long before she knew the meaning of the word,) that “what she has done, she can do again,” and, “if by perseverance she have acquired a facility in one talent, so, by perseverance, shall she acquire facility in another talent, no more difficult to her capacity,” &c.

Her attention being now turned to study, her mental developments, aided by constitutional industry, shall equal her personal activity. Amongst her studies she does not like all equally well; yet here her industry helps her out; for superior assiduity, bestowed upon the least liked, renders them equally useful as others. She desires to be educated: she knows that they are all components alike, which makes up the sum of *education*.

Meanwhile, she does not entirely give up the manual of industry, lest, from liking it too much, she come to the opposite habit of not liking it enough.

Somewhere about these years, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, along with other erudite authors, she makes, at odds and ends of time, and "between times," certain practical commentaries upon Mrs. Glass, and other ladies of culinary research. Presently she can make a variety of pies, puddings, cakes, jellies, confections—in short, can on any day concoct a dessert out of somewhat that she may happen to find in the store-room or pantry. The use of this "branch of education" is apparent enough; and if any—be their condition in life what it may—are so ultragenteel as to sneer at it, they will probably live to see the day—and the dinner—when they would appear "more genteel" if they had not. Yet an extreme addiction to these pursuits were neither commendable nor worth while.

Our young girl is now happy and contented. Her whole time is employed about something either useful or ornamental—her acquisitions, lighter or more important, all work together, and in a manner counterbalance and qualify each other. She is satisfied in her present condition, and not impatient of a change. She is more anxious about her *preparation* for society, than she is to enter upon it. In the household, and amidst the servants, she is seen to be of use, and is respected as "somebody." There is a certain weight of character formed; and these homely capabilities come in for a handsome and proper share in the estimate.

And now the school is relinquished, and our young lady, basking in adolescence, is for a few years ushered into the play-ground of life. And this is a period which, with all its fresh delights and welcome sympathies, is yet a trial to discretion and to character. But even here *industry* shall be her best discretion, her best enjoyment, and her best discourser upon character. And now that her acquirements begin to stand her in stead, she has a deeper sense of satisfaction in possessing them. She is less dissipated and less volatile, for having certain home duties which still claim her consideration and a portion of her time. Amidst the hurry of engrossment she feels how good it is, in many things, to be able to help herself.

Neither does she think, because the technicalities

of school are mastered, that her education is perfected. She is conscious that if a lapse of mental application intervene, her *course of reading* will be rendered difficult; and now, though pressed for time, her industry stands her instead, and is unremitted. She wishes not, even at this season of beguilement, to be the one engrossing object of her family, the temporary idol to which all household proprieties are sacrificed; but she feels more respectable, and as well sustained, to be one amidst them, claiming only a proportionate share of attention and regard; still finding it in her power to render little services and to oblige others.

And now is a critical time of her life; for betwixt now and the coming seven years she will be called upon to decide the great question of her life, in the choice of a companion. Yet this is not as difficult to her as to those of an opposite character. With her merits of conduct she will attract only persons of suitable pretensions—of judgment and sobriety; and whilst her mental acquirements, her personal graces and accomplishments receive a fair appreciation—the power of character—the "more" of being, her piety and her worth—her household capabilities—and much that bears upon home and life—all stand warranted by her *industry*—her judiciously applied industry.

Many people know, without its having been vaunted by her family, that our young lady is a competent manager. Says a gentleman visitor, "When I am choosing my companion, all other things being equal, I will take one thus accomplished before an inefficient and ignorant one." He ponders a moment, and finishes his monologue, adding, "But with this acquired ability all other things are *not* equal. Allow that in the outset, (comparing others with her,) activity, handiness, willingness, were equal, yet we see that here has been docility, bidableness, obligingness, perseverance, and duty, which have resulted in the one form of an accomplished housewife; and may, and probably will assume in life other forms of usefulness and respectability. Upon reflection, I see that there is no longer a ground of comparison left betwixt the individual who has submitted to discipline and the one who has not." And thus our industrious young lady has probably secured to herself in marriage a man of discernment and worth—one whose well-grounded regard gives earnest of its continuance.

Nor is this a narrow or a selfish view of the subject, for much of the usefulness of life depends upon its competent conditions; for those who are comfortably and agreeably situated, can best minister to the comfort and gratification of others—the moralities are better assured under circumstances of ease than of disquiet and solicitude; and the great debt of piety is best performed by a contented heart.



In my sketch, the qualification of industry has appertained to one in competently easy condition of fortune. And if its advantages have been manifested to such a one, how much are they enhanced, and how much greater their necessity, to those in straitened circumstances, or in poverty!

In all the grades of life industry is of the first consideration; the momentum of all advancement, as well as its promoter. It rewards and honors at once. The homely toil which provides for the daily wants of the poor man's family, as a principle, is no less respectable than that which earns its thousands in halls of legislation, or, in the sage's study, perpetuates an immortality of fame. Its rewards to the poor man, though small, are more immediate and more apparent than elsewhere; it is the poor man's capital, and his first earnings are an advance upon nothing. Neither are his profits his only reward; for at every step respectability keeps pace with emolument. Health attends his exertions; and self-assurance gives accelerated force to resolution and to hope. Anxiety is displaced by ease. His table is spread, his hearth is supplied, and the household charities expand themselves in its warmth. That frugal board which aforesaid hardly sufficed his family, has now been prospered to plenty, and is graced by hospitality; and the good man presides there as independent as a prince. *Industry* has done this, and he is humble and thankful. The text which many read as a curse, he wisely interprets as its mitigation; for, though the ground give not forth spontaneously, yet was bestowed upon man the power and promise, that by toil "he should live"—the behest of humanity—and blessed are those who obey it!

The elevated and the lowly, the man of genius, or the simple hod-bearer, all are equally indebted to this power for respectability and estimation. In reading the biographies of the eminent, we commonly impute to genius alone that preferment which was at least equally due to industry. For of what avail were genius without it? It were the ore in the mine, the pearl in the oyster, the dead letter of science, the sealed book of philosophy! Genius, it is true, with its energy and aspiration, is often the spring and inciter of industry. But well does industry repay the debt. For what is attainment but the product of industry? What work of mind or of taste, what achievement in science, literature or the arts was ever effected without it? Uneducated genius is but an erratic light, which, like the meteor, flashes and is gone: its *unorganized* splendor obeys no mission of use, and knows neither "time nor season," nor order of regularity nor return.

The fine arts are probably the sphere of *industry* which is most attractive and most gratifying to its votaries. For here genius and industry go hand in

hand, in that intimate and endeared association which would almost impress the idea that they are essential with each other—the faculty becoming inspired and the genius embodied—to the perfection of their identical object. There may be perceived a homogeneous fitness in these pursuits; and amidst their pure, and elevating, and engrossing associations, *industry* finds her highest, happiest home.

How many American youth, (of both sexes,) eschewing the marts and thoroughfares of trade, the excitement of speculation, the jealousy of competition, the fever of hope, and the furor of disappointment, will shape out to themselves a new path, and resorting to the studios of *art*, abetted by *industry*, will seek and find, with

"Innocence and contemplation joined,"

a life of ease, and order, and regularity, and virtue?

Amidst the useful inventions, too, I have witnessed no less of satisfaction and contentment. It is many years ago that I visited a cotton manufacturing establishment—(I forget whether in Massachusetts or Connecticut.) A gentleman (I think the name was Brewster) was superintending and essaying some recent improvement of his own in the mechanism, which no doubt worked to "a charm;" for, as he approached and receded with the thread in his fingers, a more contented, concentrated, and happy face, I have never in all my life witnessed. It was subdued and gentle, and yet so striking in its expression, that, in all these long years, I have never forgotten it; being often recalled to my imagination as a perfect illustration of the axiom on which I write, "Industry the source of contentment."

Another form of industry that I well love to contemplate, is that of the thrifty, well-arranged, well-conducted farm-establishment, where the sturdy sons, as they grow up to manhood, attending on their father, are marshaled and advanced to all the degrees and varieties of their calling. Happy, and self-assured, and supremely independent are they. Of moderate views in regard to property, the *character*, not narrowed to the absorbing sense of gain, is left free to expand itself to the capacity of its tastes, and to the scope of its elevation. Nature, in its own unhackneyed forms, breathes its own spirit into their bosoms. The feelings are sweetened, and harmonize to her control; the moralities are preserved in native purity; and the life is a progressive comment upon simplicity and order, and the excellency of *industry*.

But my picture is not complete, unless the "good wife," leading on her daughters, come in for a full share of its coloring and proportions; as she does for a full share of its duties, responsibilities, and occupations. For, though the manufacturing establishments have excused her (for which, by the way, I think she is not happier) of

the distaff and the loom, yet, with her kine and her poultry, her kitchen-garden and her neat and fragrant dairy, she and her daughters and her maidens have not a moment left for ruminations and discontent. At every change of the season, preparations and preserves are not neglected; the good things which they sow and gather must also be prepared to eat. Their hospitality is genial, liberal, not wasteful; and the young farmer who comes "suitoring" to this ruddy group, and partakes at their table, sees there no very cogent necessity for Mr. Cobbett's caution to his son,\* and chooses his partner "*sans peur et sans reproche*." Around the winter fire-side (good honest hickory on the broad hearth) they crack their nuts and their jokes, make their clothing, knit their stockings; they read the newspaper, the almanac, the Repository, and many other useful works; and so passes the time. One half day in three hundred and sixty-five suffices for their confab with the milliner—suffices in full, without the dread of being called "frights;" and certainly in their pretty straw bonnets they don't look "very frightful." Nor are the more serious duties of life forgotten by this family: they love to attend the village Church, or to welcome the weary itinerant on his mission of love; and they lay to heart his counsels, suited to the varied circumstances of their life, and piously thank the Giver for the "early and the latter rain," for the "harvest" and the "store;" and at "tithe time" they are ready to compensate those who have broken to them the bread of life—whilst oft, amidst the expanses of nature and contemplation, the Spirit will descend and bless some pious worshiper.

Farming, I say, is with me a favorite form of industry; one that I would commend to my youthful friends, as the most healthy, rational, safe, and sure method of livelihood in our country. Neither needs country life to be necessarily rustic. The tastes may be elevated, though the style be simple. It seems matter of surprise that Americans who affect many English modes and customs, have not more generally adopted their charming arrangement of country residences. And then it is a thing so entirely in the power of the very poorest. Mark our forests, fields, prairies! Know how many thousands of acres in each state are still Government lands, still in the market, to say nothing of our frontier expanses, extending from Maine to Oregon, from Canada to the Gulf!

Industry, even if it amount to toil, is still salutary—still to be preferred before the most luxurious sloth. For, if the body is overtasked, the mind—freed of the anxieties of "living"—more than compensates the evil; and labor, if persisted in, will

\* "Don't," says he, "choose for your wife one who *eats* sluggishly—such a one is radically indolent."

work its own redemption—no longer toil, but occupation. And how interesting is it to mark the struggle! In exorcising poverty from his habitation, the poor man conquers many evils at once. With industry for his abettor he is sure to win.

True it is that females cannot hope like men to gain emolument to their industry. Custom has shut them out from this; and if money in due proportion be withheld, yet the merit of this exercise and its proper enjoyments are still the same. If they cannot achieve fortune, they may at least hope for *independence*—the highest use of fortune. But the opportunities for profitable female industry are widening in our country, and it behooves *them* to secure the advantage when presented. "Silk" is meet for the lady's hand, and I hope she perceives it so. It is a minute and delicate process, which a man will dislike and despise. The thing is now all her own; and if she appropriate it, custom (stronger than law) will insure it to her. There are thousands of females in our "republican" country who are needy, yet unwilling to work—not by want of industry, but from pride. This is a convenient, domestic, and secluded occupation for them. Yet far be it from me to abet their idea—which a weak and improper mode of opinion has imposed upon them, to the disparagement of good sense and of industry. The popular sense is fast becoming reformed upon this subject; and the day is passing away when, as Washington Irving observed, (years ago,) "if a woman is known to *earn* a dollar, she 'loses caste' by it, forsooth! and is no longer a lady." Our females, too, are becoming industrious in literature. If they would more generally *deepen* a little what they so industriously elaborate, the advantage and the merit would both be enhanced.

What a delightful occupation is sketching, drawing, limning, (without going to Italy,) and it may be so early commenced. A good many years ago I saw in Augusta, Georgia, a little girl seven years of age, who already could draw with considerable accuracy and effect. Her father was a professional limner; and his daughter sat each day for about three hours continuously by his side practicing with her pencil. If there were any indication of carelessness in her performance, she was earnestly, if not severely schooled for it. She was well taught; and I doubt not has by this time attained to eminence—unless she have *done better*, and exchanged her professional industry for that of the domestic hearth. In either case, maiden or wife, she can "live." As for the "slop-jobbers," my heart aches for the *hardness* of theirs. The inadequate and unjust pittance, the pretense of a price, which they afford to their needle-women is a matter that should be looked into and reformed. Mr. Hood's pathetic "Song of the Shirt," is too, too



true. But there are philanthropic hearts amidst every society of females; and it is humbly suggested that if ladies of leisure would combine, (taking a recent institution in Rochester, New York, for their model,) they could effect a mitigation of this evil, and thus render their most efficient aid to the cause of *industry*.

Our cloth manufacturing establishments are proverbially known as affording to this principle in large amounts. In Lowell, Massachusetts, we read that a hundred girls there have in bank one hundred thousand dollars earned in this way—supporting themselves besides.

The methods of employment are various and manifold; and if there are any amidst us who "toil without hope," may God forgive those who intercept their rewards—who thus abate their ardor, and check the progress of industry! And were there a *temple* erected to *industry*, many an humble name now languishing in obscurity would stand inscribed high on its front.

C. M. B.



Original.

#### FASHION.

How much do I admire to see the young lady well dressed—neat, nice, regular, and tasteful—whilst the color of her cheek, and the buoyancy of her step evince health and freedom from restraint, and all about her betokens propriety and enjoyment!

The "Repository," addressed principally to the ladies, contains no "Table of Fashions," holds forth no incitement, gives no invitation, either to extravagance, caprice, or to the beguilements of the youthful fancy, by the methods of dress. And yet somewhat may be said upon this subject, both with propriety and advantage. The Christian young lady may listen and learn, that besides the "adornment of a meek and quiet spirit," the most excellent of all, she may innocently indulge herself in some ideas upon the subject of her temporal vestiture, not inconsistent with this spirit.

The word "fashion," with the young, is talismanic; and its behests, once obeyed, tyrannical. And what a tyranny! To "be in the fashion" is a desideratum, before which sinks dignity, consistency, propriety, and often justice. Say, is there any consistency that a rational being should expend thought, and labor, and time, and a great portion of the means confided to her care for better use, in the purchase and the manufacture of articles, often as fantastic as they are ephemeral, and as unsuited, perhaps, to the age and condition as they are to the religious profession of the wearer. Is there any consistency, either rational, or moral, or religious, in this?

Yet it is proper and allowable to conform in modest degree to the general modes of dress, as

they may change in the progress of every succeeding two or three years; the form and fashion of a garment keeping pace with the necessary decay of the material of which it is composed: to be renewed, if you please, in a different form from the old; not, however, in extreme and revolting variety from what may be called the abiding style of the wearer. By these easy transitions, a lady, a sensible, judicious, dignified, and Christian lady, may pass unnoticed of comment: appearing neither affectedly and stiffly unique in dress, nor yet by continual changes betraying an eager and puerile adherence to *fashion*. In this way she gives it just its appropriate weight. Neither by a too rigid strictness bestowing more importance upon it than the subject demands; nor, on the other hand, by a servile compliance with its fluctuations, making it a matter of real consequence, as absorbing time and character in its service.

It may be pointed out how that the economy of dress is, in one sense, of serious importance to a young lady, and she may learn to know that all her advantage is of moderation. For her giving to it exactly its relative and subordinate position in her esteem, evinces, even to the cursory beholder, much more of character than she is aware of. Fashion in extreme appertains to those of lightest character; and such it best becomes, being at once evidence and illustration. And by not veering to every wind of fashion, she may show modesty, stability, self-dependence, discretion, prudence, taste, and finally piety. Her modesty is not involved in this vanity. Her stability demands not constant changes. Her self-dependence says, "Why must I submit my judgment to that of persons mostly inferior to me in character, or at least in practice?" Her discretion says, "The respectable will regard me more for my forbearance to comply with a *popular whim*." Her prudence says, "I am well enough without it; even can I afford it, the money it costs is better spent otherwise than so." Her good taste says, "I must not confound change with improvement. Let others do as they will; for my part, though I will go orderly, yet I will not submit to the ligatures of a 'strait jacket,' compressing my breath and preventing me of a free or a graceful movement. Neither will I, being human, affect the *hump* of a dromedary. Nor yet, loving the shade, and some retreat before the public, will I wear a tiny, affected thing of shreds and patches, covering neither head nor face, though called a bonnet. Least of all, will I gainsay my innate sense of piety, and enter the *place of worship* in this grotesque, unholy, masquerading dress!" C.



Be not a witness against thy neighbor without cause; and deceive not with thy lips.

Original.

## THE RESTORATION OF LAZARUS.

JOHN, CHAPTER XI.

BY MRS. HOWE.

'Twas balmy morn—the gentle zephyrs slept  
Upon the sloping hills—the star-like flowers  
Were laden with the tears that night had wept;  
And brightly in the east came golden showers  
Of morning sunlight, fresh as when it came  
Forth from its Maker's hand, his goodness to pro-  
claim.

*There*, tow'ring up against the deep blue sky,  
The spires of proud Jerusalem—in her pride  
Reeling on ruin's brink: her glory had pass'd by;  
Yet still she slept secure, as if the tide  
Of human glory could not ebb away,  
And leave her naught instead, but ruin and decay.

Slowly the bright mist faded from the hills,  
Revealing the tall cedars' verdant heads,  
While bursting forth a thousand little rills  
Leap'd up, and sparkled o'er their mossy beds:  
Nature seemed fraught with joy, and mercy beam'd  
In ev'ry gentle flower that thro' the green earth  
gleam'd.

Lo! where yon white wall'd cot looks softly thro'  
The clustering vines that climb up o'er the  
eaves:

The flowers, all glistening with the radiant dew,  
Have not unfolded to the light their leaves:  
They seem to weep with those whose gentle hands  
Have train'd them up to grow in many color'd  
bands.

*There* Bethany's lone sisters sit and weep  
For one departed—to return no more:  
Stern Death hath lock'd him in a dreamless sleep!  
They look not for him till this life is o'er—  
Till that glad morn when they shall meet again,  
And love for ever reunite the broken chain.

But see! the Master comes! his gentle voice  
Breathing of hope and gladness to the soul:  
"I am the resurrection and the life," rejoice!  
"Tho' he be dead, yet *I* can make him whole!"  
They stood around the grave of him who slept,  
Commingle with his mother clay; and "Jesus  
wept!"

In silence and in tears they roll'd away  
The ponderous stone, and Jesus call'd aloud—  
"Lazarus, come forth!" and lo! from foul decay  
The dead came up, clad in his mildew'd shroud,  
"Bound hand and foot:" aye, he stood up, and  
gave  
Honor and praise to him who burst the fearful  
grave.

Around the lost one's neck the sisters cling,  
And bathe his damp, cold cheek with love's own  
tears;

Then to the Savior's feet their praises bring,  
And pour into His ear their griefs and fears:  
Their hearts with gratitude and love run o'er  
To Him who on their heads in love such blessings  
pour.

Original.

## THE GRAVE.

DARK reservoir of death! Thy fearful gloom  
Strikes terror to the trembling soul of man.  
Thy moldering bones, thy horrid, fœtid stench,  
Thy hateful worms, and pale habiliments,  
All, all combine to make thee terrible.  
The bravest bosom quails, the manliest cheek  
Doth blanch, and back repel the purple tide  
To its central fount. The stoutest frame  
Quivers, recoils from thy dark encounter,  
And seeks in vain a refuge from thy grasp.  
The soul may strive her guilty fears to quell,  
To steel the heart insensible to thee,  
In vain to close her eyes, and reckless fall  
Into thy bosom. The unchanging doom,  
"Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return,"  
Sends creeping terror through the shudd'ring frame.  
So horrible the thought that worms shall feed  
Upon the flesh, and moldering corruption  
Spread the abhorred and filthy bed of death.  
But still more formidable is the gate  
Of dread eternity. The sickening thoughts  
Of sepulchral corruption, though the flesh  
May shudder to anticipate, the soul  
Would gladly bear, could she but rid herself  
The agonizing consciousness of guilt,  
And fearful prospect of eternal woe.  
Yea, gladly would she hide herself in thee,  
And commingle with thy moldering dust,  
To 'scape the frown of outraged Deity;  
Gladly in solitude repose, amid  
Thy loathsome remnants of mortality,  
Undisturbed by conscience or by fear.  
But here thy terrors end not. Still beyond  
Thick clouds of vengeance black the dismal scene:  
Damnation, gloom, the never dying worm,  
The fire unquenchable, fearful torment,  
Banishment for ever from the presence  
Of Jehovah, and everlasting death,  
The dark ingredients of the bitter cup  
Of sharers in the second death, throughout  
The endless ages of eternity.  
Despair, horror, fright, and dark foreboding,  
The attendant terrors of a future hell,  
Freeze with icy chill the poor trembling soul,  
By grace unsaved, and unregenerate  
In heart, corrupt in thought, estranged from God,



Whose earthly course impenitent has been,  
 And to the holy law of God opposed.  
 But from the spirit of the dying saint,  
 Whose carnal nature, purified by grace,  
 Is fitted for the purer seats above,  
 Thy terrors vanish; and thy gloomy face,  
 Sure harbinger of everlasting rest,  
 Fills with delight the happy, struggling soul.  
 Beyond thy bounds, and through thy portals seen,  
 Celestial glory beams her griefs away.  
 Society of angels, seraphs bright,  
 Cherubs lovely, and just men perfect made,  
 Communion with Jehovah, and the sight  
 Of Jesus, streams of lasting bliss, and founts  
 Of undying love, and rapture infinite,  
 Enkindle ardor in the pious breast.  
 The trembling spirit leaps to meet her God,  
 And bows to render at his dazzling throne  
 Eternal homage to the King of kings.

E. C. M.

## THE LOVE OF LATER YEARS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THEY err who deem love's brightest hour in bloom-  
 ing youth is known,  
 Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life is  
 shown,  
 When passions chastened and subdued to riper years  
 are given,  
 And earth and earthly things are viewed in light  
 that breaks from heaven.  
 It is not in the flush of youth, or days of cloudless  
 mirth,  
 We feel the tenderness and truth of love's devoted  
 worth:  
 Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in  
 sunshine bright,  
 And objects mirrored in it seem to share its spark-  
 ling light.  
 'Tis when the howling winds arise, and life is like  
 the ocean,  
 Whose mountain billows brave the skies, lashed by  
 the storm's commotion;  
 When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thun-  
 derbolts astound us,  
 'Tis when we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness  
 around us.  
 O! then, as to the seaman's sight the beacon's  
 twinkling ray  
 Surpasses far the lustre bright of summer's cloud-  
 less day,  
 E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in man-  
 hood's darker years,  
 The gentle light true love imparts, 'mid sorrows,  
 cares, and fears.

VOL. IV.—48

Its beams on minds of joy bereft, their fresh'ning  
 brightness fling,  
 And show that life has somewhat left to which  
 their hopes may cling:  
 It steals upon the sick at heart, the desolate in  
 soul,  
 To bid their doubts and fears depart, and point a  
 brighter goal.  
 If such be love's triumphant power o'er spirits  
 touched by time,  
 O! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness  
 sublime?  
 In youth, 'tis like the meteor's gleam which daz-  
 zles and sweeps by,  
 In after life, its splendors seem linked with eter-  
 nity!

## PRAYER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Unuttered or exprest;  
 The motion of a hidden fire  
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
 The falling of a tear;  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
 That infant lips can try;  
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
 The Christian's native air,  
 His watchword at the gates of death,  
 He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
 Returning from his ways;  
 While angels in their songs rejoice,  
 And say, "Behold he prays!"

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,  
 In word, and deed, and mind,  
 When with the Father and his Son  
 Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:  
 The Holy Spirit pleads;  
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
 For sinners intercedes.

O thou, by whom we come to God;  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod:  
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

## NOTICES.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TREASURE OPENED. *By W. Nicholson. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—A most beautiful and precious little book, describing "the privileges of the true believer, with encouragement and advice to assist him in his way to the heavenly Canaan. We have given evidence of our regard for this little volume by providing a copy for the lady we love best.

DEMONSTRATION OF THE NECESSITY OF ABOLISHING A CONSTRAINED CLERICAL CELIBACY, &c. *By the Right Rev. Diego Antonio Feigo, Senator, &c., Regent of the Empire of Brazil, &c. Translated from the Portuguese, with an Introduction and Appendix. By D. P. Kidder, A. M. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—This work is not so large as its long title would lead many to suppose. The writer successfully brings it to a close within a comparatively few pages. The size is a great recommendation to the work: for this busy age cannot read thick volumes unless they be novels. The demonstration, which is the object of the book, had been wrought in our mind long since; still we were glad to look through it. Brother Kidder's extensive observation in both parts of our continent, and his well known good sense, render him perfectly competent to decide upon the value of such a book; and his correct taste and scholarship, qualify him to present it in proper form. We expect useful results to flow from its circulation.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, WITH NOTES OF OTHER PORTIONS OF AMERICA. *By S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales. For the use of Schools. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR SCHOOLS. *By S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—We do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, these are decidedly the best works of the kind of which we have any knowledge. They are as well adapted to the family as to the school.

AN IMPROVED GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ON THE INDUCTIVE SYSTEM. *By Rev. Bradford Frazee.*—Perhaps the only improvement we can expect upon the excellent grammars now in use are relative to definition and arrangement. A cursory perusal of this work impresses us with the hope that in these respects the author has been happy.

The above are on sale by Swormstedt & Mitchell, Cincinnati.

WESLEYAN METHODIST ALMANAC, *for the Province of Canada, for the year of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ 1845.*—We are indebted to some kind and unknown friend for a copy of this work. It contains a great variety of useful statistical information, interesting not only to British subjects but to Americans. In glancing at the Queen's salary, we thought if we could see her we would advise her not to emigrate to this country. We could not afford to give her more than six shillings a week here.

THE WESTERN LITERARY JOURNAL AND MONTHLY REVIEW.—We take much pleasure in greeting this new and interesting periodical, which attracts many of the ablest pens in the "west," and promises to be a brilliant star in the diadem of her "Queen." Its editors appear to bring to their task the talents, and the taste, and the "loves" necessary to make their work captivating. We believe it is destined to rank among the very best periodicals on the continent.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MILLERISM.—Millerism was. Its history is instructive. We enter into no argument concerning it—we triumph not over its advocates or disciples. In general, they were doubtless pious and sincere—many were intelligent and highly estimable. We do not blame them. Many causes conspired to their deception. Mr. Miller, though illiterate, is certainly a man of some thought and research, and his book is interesting and ingenious. He derived authority from several illustrious names. The doctrine of the pre-millennial advent is advocated by some very learned and pious divines. The period fixed on by Mr. Miller for Christ's second coming, was hinted at, not obscurely, by some distinguished commentators; and the data from which the Millerites reasoned were furnished by others. The delusion, perhaps, was not met in the proper manner. The ministry neglected it—the laity assailed it with ridicule and scorn. Had the pastor of each Church stood up and thrown light around him when the darkness was coming, and had the judicious laymen of every Church reasoned kindly with their erring brethren, Millerism would not have produced much agitation.

Let us not look upon Millerites as heretics. Heresy implies error relative to fundamental truth. Yea, more, hatred to the truth. Millerism, though not heresy, has produced disastrous results. It has injured Zion. Many of the leaders infused (we hope unwittingly) an uncharitable and denunciatory spirit into their disciples, and insisted on a separation from their brethren, who did not agree with them in relation to the period of Christ's coming. Schism is no small matter. He who for an opinion on a point not fundamental to Christian doctrine or subversive of Christian character, rends the already torn and bleeding Church of Christ, will have a fearful account to meet at the bar of God.

Millerism has strengthened infidelity. Our heart has bled as we have witnessed the contempt and scorn of the ungodly toward Zion, and we have wept as we have contemplated the hardening of infidel heart, and the blinding of ungodly mind, and the searing of already blunted conscience, under the consequences of the new theory concerning the end of the world.

Millerism has strengthened Papacy. A large portion of intelligent men are looking with favor toward Mother Church. The errors and fanaticism resulting from private judgment in matters of religion, are, in our day, so numerous and flagrant, and are productive of such agitation and uncharitableness, and conflicts of passion and of interest, that many are seriously debating the question whether it is not better to surrender the Bible and the conscience, and the intellect, to the keeping of his Holiness, than to endure the evils of religious liberty. We are not of that number. We know that in the Mother Church error and delusion in the worst forms are to be found; and that even in relation to the end of the world, there have been, under the management of the Pope, mistakes as flagrant, and far more mischievous than Millerism. Still, if Romanism in the United States were to import and consecrate her "relics" with more caution, and conceal her designs with more Jesuitical cunning, we should not be surprised to find her augmenting her numbers by proselytism as well as emigration and natural increase.

The effect of Millerism upon its disciples will, we fear, be woful. Many, we apprehend, will become de-



ists, if not atheists. Those who may adhere to the Bible will probably cling to many mistakes which Millerism has brought with it. For error is rarely single. We might point out many false views which Millerism has fostered, if not originated. There are some of so serious a character that we cannot pass them by.

Millerites with whom we are acquainted, think they were *supernaturally* instructed to believe their views in regard to the second advent and the period of its occurrence. It is strange and unfortunate that every religious delusion pretends to inspiration. When a man sets up such a pretense, there are no resources in logic to meet his case. Now, although we believe in intercourse between man and God, we look for no additional revelation. God's communion with man is to strengthen and comfort the soul in the Christian conflict. How are we to know whether a certain impression be from our own spirit, or from another created spirit, or from God? By these tests: Is it conformable to revelation and common sense? Does it render us more holy and useful?—increasing our love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, industry, frugality, &c. Let our Millerite friends be careful of the spirit which they have indulged toward the Church and the world. The ancient Jews believed that when Christ came they would be gathered around a temporal prince, who should lead them forth to subjugate all nations, and make them the temporal lords of the earth. In such a spirit, they could not receive the "Lamb of God." Have not our erring brethren (for brethren, and brethren beloved, we still regard them) been indulging a similar delusion and a kindred spirit? Have they not been looking for a temporal monarch, who should gather them into a palace, arm them with "two edged swords," lead them forth, not for the subjugation, but the destruction of all who differed with them and theirs, crown them with temporal dignity, and allow them to luxuriate in worldly prosperity? Is this the patient and humble spirit in which we should wait for the coming of Christ and the better inheritance? We fear, too, that Millerism, in a great measure, *loses sight of the cross*, and aims to accomplish the great purposes of the Gospel by proclaiming the *judgment*. Now, although it may be necessary in rousing attention, to proclaim the law, and to persuade by "the terrors of the Lord," yet it is the "*goodness of God*" which "leadeth" men to repentance—it is by the mercies of God that we are to beseech men to present their bodies a living sacrifice—it is by that cross which is "a stumbling block to the Jew" and "foolishness" to the Greek—which the apostle regarded as of so much consequence that he would know nothing else—that the guilty race is to be reconciled to God. Is not Millerism too presumptuous? The Bible has many pages which to us are sealed. Although the history, doctrines, and precepts of holy Scripture are written so plainly that if they were pealed in thunder they could not be better known—so clearly and fully that all that is fundamental is obvious, even to the way-faring man—yet may there not be in some portions of that word which is "settled in heaven," that truth which "reacheth into the clouds," heights and depths we wot not of? Men of profound learning, unwearied research, mighty intellect, and deep piety, have been at a loss to understand many parts of the apocalyptic and prophetic books. Commentators of distinguished abilities have given contradictory interpretations; and many hypotheses, defended with energy,

learning, and zeal, have long since been exploded by the progress of events. Fulfilled prophecy is easily understood—unfulfilled prophecy was probably not designed to be perfectly understood until its fulfillment. Does it not accomplish its purpose if it create a *general* expectation of the coming event? Would it not, in some measure, defeat its object, if all its lines could be distinctly traced beforehand, and its progress tracked as well over the pages of the future as over those of the past? Ages at a distance from the fulfillment might be unconcerned, those near might make artificial attempts at fulfillment. May we not consider prophecy as a casket of jewels which time alone can unlock? Yet many talk of the darkest portion of Scripture as flippantly as a child does of its primer. They plunge into depths where the tallest minds have drowned, and where an angel would swamp, and vainly dream that their feet are upon a rock. They talk about "images" and "horns," until they at least satisfy their hearers that "little horns" can speak great swelling words. For our own part, we have always begged to be excused from such deep waters, on the principle that, though "larger boats may venture more, little boats should keep near shore." To us the fact that Christ will come is in the sunshine; but the period and manner of his coming are in "clouds of heaven." If I can be assured that I do his will and am preparing for a mansion in his Father's house, I shall be satisfied.

What can become of the Millerites? Let them return to the bosom of the Churches from which they have strayed. Let the Churches welcome them back. Let us bear with their wandering, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted. Let us not advert to their errors or disappointment; if they force the subject upon our attention, let us argue with them moderately and calmly. There is such a thing as arguing too strongly, and making even error appear too monstrous and absurd. A man will consent to capitulate on honorable terms, although he would resist unto death if he knew that surrender would be disgrace.

THANKSGIVING.—Before the issue of our next number, we shall in several states, probably, be summoned by the respective Governors to the reasonable and agreeable duty of public thanksgiving. It is gratifying to observe that this good Puritanical custom is observed in most of the states of our Union.

Under the Mosaic dispensation, a day of national thanksgiving was appointed by Divine authority. Since the abolition of the Jewish ritual, the Almighty has not thought proper to appoint any day to be specially observed by his Church for the expression of national gratitude. Still, reason, which is no less from God than revelation, demands that such a day should be observed. From the nature of our minds, we are likely to forget the passing blessing—we need, as a nation, to pause and recognize the Divine Being, to review our mercies, and acknowledge the hand which strews them around us, in songs of thanksgiving, and prayers of faith. We trust the day is not far distant when Congress will unite the whole heart and voice of the Union in hymns of thankfulness to God, by designating an anniversary for national thanksgiving.

We have sometimes been pained to witness the neglect of this excellent custom. The Church knows not what injury she does herself when she treats the proclamation of "the powers that be" with neglect, when it calls upon the world to praise God. Let the minister

open the gates of Zion. Let him say, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise! Be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations," Psalm c. If any nation should be grateful we should. "God hath not dealt so with any nation" as he has with these United States. Should not the minister on "thanksgiving," point out our superiority in civil and religious liberties—in temporal and spiritual, and intellectual blessings?

The year past has been one of universal health, prosperity and peace. "Our sons are as plants grown up in their youth; our daughters are as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace; our garners are full, affording all manner of store. \* \* \* Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord." Let the world go up to the house of God with the Church to unite in praise. Let the merchant close his store, and the mechanic his shop, and the farmer his barns, for one day at least in the year, to thank the Divine Being. How many are the causes which tend to distract and disunite us! Shall we not on this day forget our religious and political differences, and blend our hearts and voices in songs like those of heaven. Moreover, should we not on this day especially demonstrate our gratitude by searching for the poor and pouring upon them overflowing bounty?

CHRISTMAS.—The twenty-fifth of this month, as we all know, is celebrated throughout Christendom in memory of the nativity of our Savior. According to St. Chrisostom, Christmas and Epiphany were celebrated at the same feast, which arrangement continued among the Arminians down to the thirteenth century. But the Council of Nice separated these festivals as early as A. D. 325. Distinguished writers disagree in relation to the day of the nativity; some fixing it at the Passover, others at the Feast of Tabernacles, &c. Certain it is, however, that the 25th of December has been regarded from the earliest ages, as the natal day of Christ. It is hardly to be presumed, however, that the shepherds of Judea watched their flocks by night at this season of the year.

Why was this day fixed upon, if it be not the proper one? To this question, Sir Isaac Newton has given a very ingenious answer. He supposes that the Mathematicians who made the first Christian calendars, thought it convenient to fix upon the cardinal points of the year for the great festivals, and, therefore, selected the winter solstice for Christmas; and that the Church, satisfied that a day was set apart for the festival, acquiesced in the arrangement. This season of the year was formerly celebrated by various sports which have gone into disuse. It is still a period of cordial greeting, and family parties, and mutual presents; and in many places fair hands wreath evergreens around the temple. But the wassail bowl, the yule clog, the Christmas carol breaking in upon the midnight slumber, the feast of the poor of the congregation at the expense of the rich, &c., which formerly marked this season, are no more.

Well, there is this much left. We are authorized by custom to greet our patrons; and that we do with right

good will, "wishing them a merry Christmas" and a happy "New Year." Yes, "merry" and "happy"—those are the words—we prefer them to blithesome, jocund, &c., or felicitous, gratifying, and such like, because they are Saxon, and, therefore, well understood: we wish them to be taken, however, in the better senses. So taken, the wish is consistent with the purest piety. Who in this world is best prepared to enjoy the highest rational pleasure? We answer, he who is the most holy. There is nothing like moping about true religion. Why is the New Jerusalem adorned like a bride? They who think piety consists in melancholy had better keep clear of heaven. There joy is peeled forth. Would you have a merry Christmas, O sinner, get your sins pardoned at the cross of that Savior whose nativity you hope soon to commemorate. Would you have a happy *New Year*, be sure that you have a new *birth*. But wait not for that period. The next Christmas may find you in eternity. And even now,

"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though foul as he,  
Wash all my stains away."

Let the saint make Christmas a day of prayer and heavenly communion. Let the minister invite his people to the house of God, to listen to an appropriate discourse. Let families assemble, to converse together of a Savior's condescension and a Savior's dying love, and to anticipate that happy meeting, which, if faithful, they will have in the world of light. We like the practice of collecting the family on Christmas at the homestead. Man was made for society; and there is something not only endearing and humanizing, but *hallowing* in the family relation. No one can feel a Christian mother's warm kiss upon his cheek without being a better man. No Christian family can collect around the paternal hearth, and see the old Bible, and hear the tremulous voice of a kind and pious father going up to the mercy seat, and feel the warm gushings of his holy heart, as he gives again his parting counsel, without feeling a thousand emotions springing up from heavenly association, and bringing them nearer to heaven.

We should be careful not to look upon Christmas with a superstitious veneration, or celebrate it as a religious duty, lest we come under the condemnation of holy Scripture, as thus expressed: "Let no man judge you, therefore, in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holyday," &c. But we have no disposition to see a good custom abandoned, nor to neglect any opportunity which the habits of society may offer for preaching the Gospel.

SOMETHING SOOTHING.—Young ladies have assured us that they intend on New Year's day to solicit subscriptions to the Repository. Enough—"Is any merry? let him sing psalms."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We feel very grateful to our correspondents. We have some poetical articles on hand, the examination of which we have been putting off because we dread the task. In order to decide upon the merits of poetry a man should himself be a poet. We once undertook to write a poem, and such a raking and scraping of things natural and spiritual! We hope the heavens and the earth will forgive us.



